SLINGSHOT

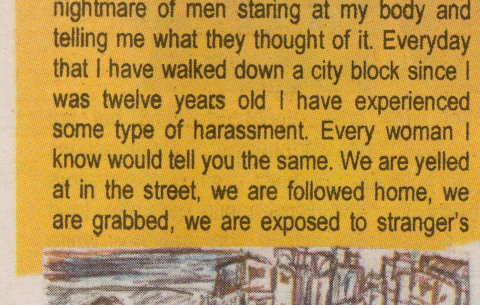
GO OUTSIDE!!!

TAKE TO THE COMMONS

By Lydia Burdorf

Early December of 2022 in the middle of the night, I walked the 10 miles from Baker's Beach to my apartment in The Mission District of San Francisco. It was a full moon and the clouds had just poured rain throughout the city. The moonlight reflected off the wet pavement and danced along the glassy storefronts. I cried to the moon like she was my mother and painted my name like a trail of breadcrumbs on mailboxes and streetlamp posts. I watched as the self driving cars repeatedly circled a block in the Haight. I bled my broken heart out into a pond in Golden Gate Park and patched it up with mud from Hippy Hill. A stranger handed me a can of spraypaint. I watched people drunkenly walk from club to club in the Castro. I finally found my street at 4 am.

A year ago I would have never dreamed of doing this. Last year I was trapped inside my house with a fear that lasted a couple months, I only went out to go to work. Taking a walk around my block was a nightmare of men staring at my body and telling me what they thought of it. Everyday that I have walked down a city block since I was twelve years old I have experienced some type of harassment. Every woman I know would tell you the same. We are yelled at in the street, we are followed home, we are grabbed, we are exposed to stranger's bodies. I am unable to exist in public without being reminded that I am an object for sex.



It seems like there are only a couple of options for women. One is to lock ourselves away, never to enter the commons without a chaperone, only going out alone to places with a fee to enter and taking a taxi home. This option is giving in to male dominance by submitting to a man for protection. It is giving in to consumerism as an escape from a world that degrades women openly in public, instead accepting degradation in a more private yet totally twisted way.

I lived my life this way for a long time, wishing I could walk to the corner store to get a cold soda on a hot summer night or giving into advances from men because I knew they were my ticket into the public sphere.

I believe that the world is this way for women because of the way we left the

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-ABOLISH TONER-

MAKE A RAD Riso PRINTING SPACE

By Seedling

I remember the first time I set foot in a forest that had been clear-cut, in so-called Canada. We were walking through a quiet and moist forest, when suddenly the trees just ended. An entire mountainside had been killed; the green canopy was replaced by gray sky. Only stumps and stray branches were left. The dead trees were loaded onto barges and floated down the coast, probably to be processed into lumber.

We hear a lot of stuff about "save a tree — go paperless!" But the digital era is hardly green. The already-out-of-date design of modern devices creates rushes of toxic mining, shortly followed by dumps of toxic waste, for the global South.

It's true that commercial printing isn't so green either. The push for profits and automation has led us towards destructive and short-sighted ways of putting pigment on paper. I want to live in a different kind of world, where we can create together and meet our needs in meaningful ways – without participating in forms of destruction sometimes marketed as 'progress.' Communicating with somebody shouldn't mean gigabytes bouncing around silicon in a company's data center, or forests being chopped far away. In order to get there, we need infrastructure to support ourselves outside the profit-over-life system.

That's why last year I put a lot of energy into starting an independent printing space here at the Long Haul! It's been operating on a pay-what-you-can basis, with me and others volunteering our time to print zines, posters, and flyers. I bought a used Risograph duplicator which had previously been used by a church. With some technical help – and a harrowing ride clutching the machine in the back of a box truck! – we set up shop in one of the Long Haul's tiny little closets we call an office.

Risograph printing is kind of an old-school method of duplication. It involves making a stencil for each original, kind of like a silkscreen, which gets wrapped around a drum. Then, the stencil is flooded with ink and rolled over each page.

Unlike a digital copy machine, which can print every page with unique content, the Riso can only work with one original at a time. So if you have multiple pages in your document, you'll get a stack of each which need to be put in order with a mechanical collator or by hand.

The reason is because digital copiers have a nasty secret, which is euphemistically called 'toner.' Toner is a bunch of pigmented microplastic particles in a tube. Essentially, the petroleum dust is electrostatically attracted onto a roller and

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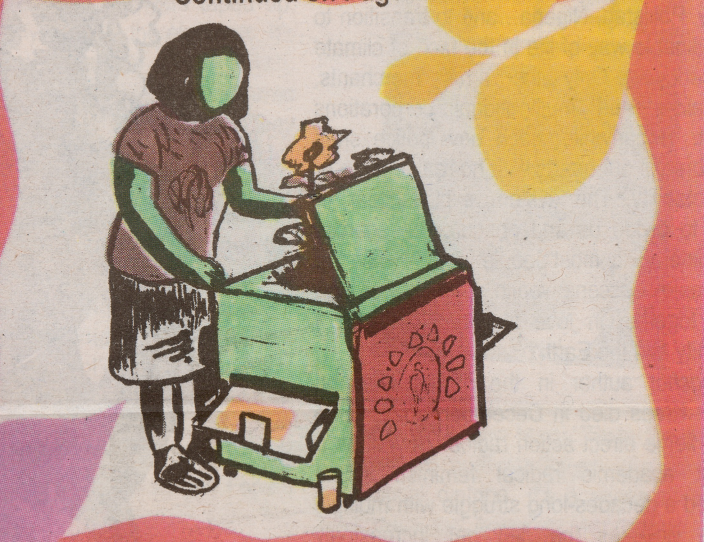


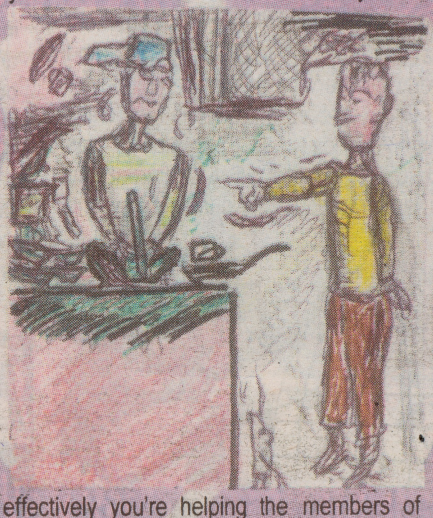
I BELIEVE IN US

We are worthy of liberation

By Michelle Everette

After years of working racist, spirit killing jobs, I've finally settled into a work environment that's not perfect but is purposefully collaborative, a place where the excessive energy I've been anxiously compelled to give each task is not expected or demanded of me, and now I'm actually starting to like myself again. Still, It's been difficult to let go of the complicated feeling that I don't deserve some grace, or even ease, unless I overextend myself in every possible way for zero personal gain. Yesterday I stayed late to finish some things I hadn't been able to get to during the week and ran into one of my co-workers, who could sense I was on edge. After asking me why I felt the need to stay late, since I was definitely not getting paid for it, she told me something I deeply needed to hear from another oppressed woman: "you are valuable to the team not solely because of the work you do, but because of the person you are."

What a wild concept. Up until the fall of 2022, my working life had been marked by a relentless feeling of alienation. Deeper than loneliness, alienation is feeling the wet, heavy and biased boot of exploitation penetrate your skin and saturate your entire sense of self. The ingenuity of individual workers, as well as any cooperative worker effort under this system, particularly in the service industry, gets manipulated, erased and or undermined purposefully, as it serves many companies well for bosses to be divisive and take sole credit for each day to day success. Work in retail or food service for long enough and you'll start to measure your value in this world not by how effectively you're helping the members of your community, but only by how efficiently you can perform the most mundane of tasks, how accurately you're able to follow arbitrary directions and how small you can shrink your emotions.



While I was accumulating massive debt during college, I also worked in the University of North Carolina at Greensboro's dining hall as a temp, regularly washing dishes alongside an older Black woman named Miss W. Dishwashing in any large cafeteria is a brutal way to earn survival: there's the consecutive minutes of tiny but quick and intense movements it takes to get a crusty pan clean enough to rinse, there's a lot of bending and the involuntarily smelling of soaked sponges tinged with unyielding spaghetti-like sauces. Yet dishwashing jobs tend to be low paying in the South compared to other service jobs, and the majority of workers in the dish pit at the restaurants and cafeterias I've worked at were Black like me or Brown, and severely overworked.

The situations that our employers constantly put Miss W in truly pissed me off; when she was assigned to the dish pit in the University's catering kitchen, they would often schedule her to come in at three or four o'clock and expect her to do the dishes that had piled up from the morning rush by herself. Some co-workers and I believed they screwed her over with that particularly cruel act simply because they didn't want to pay another worker for the day. Miss W stayed late a lot, and regularly walked home because she would miss the last bus of the night.

Why stay employed at a place where the

Continued on Page 2

SLINGSHOT

Slingshot is an independent radical newspaper published in Berkeley since 1988 — March 9 will be 35 years!

Slingshot is like a mirage. We're publishing and mailing out tens of thousands of organizers and papers, but a lot of times the collective making this stuff is very tiny. Again we are pleading for your input. If this publication inspires you, then bring us your fresh and shiny motivated energy. A collective without enthusiastic new members can't help but bend its process to the preferences of those who stick around the longest, becoming accidental authorities because of familiarity with protocol / procedure — preventing others from exercising autonomy and accountability.

During the art party weekends there's a lot of broad-based participation but between the frenzies of work sometimes the group is just 2 people. It seems like most voluntary, non-paid projects are always under-staffed. It is why our loft is messy. Yet when we're together the collective spirit burns brightly. How do we convince more than 2 people to sit through the boring editing meetings — with a fuckin' bull whip!?! Shall we serve the dumpster-dived chocolate earlier?

There's always so much we want to include in each issue but articles on some topics don't arrive. Military escalation in Ukraine increasingly diverts scarce resources that should be available for disaster relief in Syria, Turkey, Pakistan, Nigeria...and to transition to a sustainable way of life in the face of climate emergency. Only the arms merchants, imperialists and multinational corporations benefit. Meanwhile, each new police snuff video breaks our hearts with no real change or accountability. The system exploits fear of crime to divide us and obscure the scarcity and vulnerability most people face — while the rulers enjoy obscene wealth. The answer is to come together in love for ourselves, all of humanity and the Earth.

Slingshot author in the 1980s Natasha Kirsten Kraus died in December, 2022. She was a fierce direct action radical as well as a brilliant academic radical feminist. She survived a decades-long struggle with multiple severe illnesses that left her increasingly disabled. She also wrote *A New Type of Womanhood: Discursive Politics and Social Change in Antebellum America* (Duke 2008).

Slingshot is always looking for new writers, artists, editors, photographers and distributors. Even if you feel you are not an essayist, illustrator or whistleblower you may know someone who is. If you send an article, please be open to its editing. We're a collective, but not all the articles reflect the opinions of all collective members. We welcome debate and constructive criticism.

Thanks to the people who made this: Andrew, Andy, Eytan, eggplant, Elke, Jack, Jesse, Ken, Lydia, Lola, Marilyn, Mateo, Rachelle, Robin, Ryan, Stella, Stone, Sylvia, Tal & all the authors and artists!

Slingshot Article Submission Info

Slingshot has always published the deadline for the next issue in each issue because when Slingshot started coming out, there were no internet or email lists so other than publishing the deadline in the paper, there was no way to tell anyone the deadline. But now, *Slingshot* has a website, an email list, and also indybay, instagram and facebook to announce the next deadline. So this time we're not going to set a deadline for the next issue. We encourage you to submit articles for the next *Slingshot* anytime you want. When we're ready, we'll announce a deadline and publicize it on-line, or send us an email if you want to be on our email list. Actually, just do that anyway.

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I BELIEVE IN US

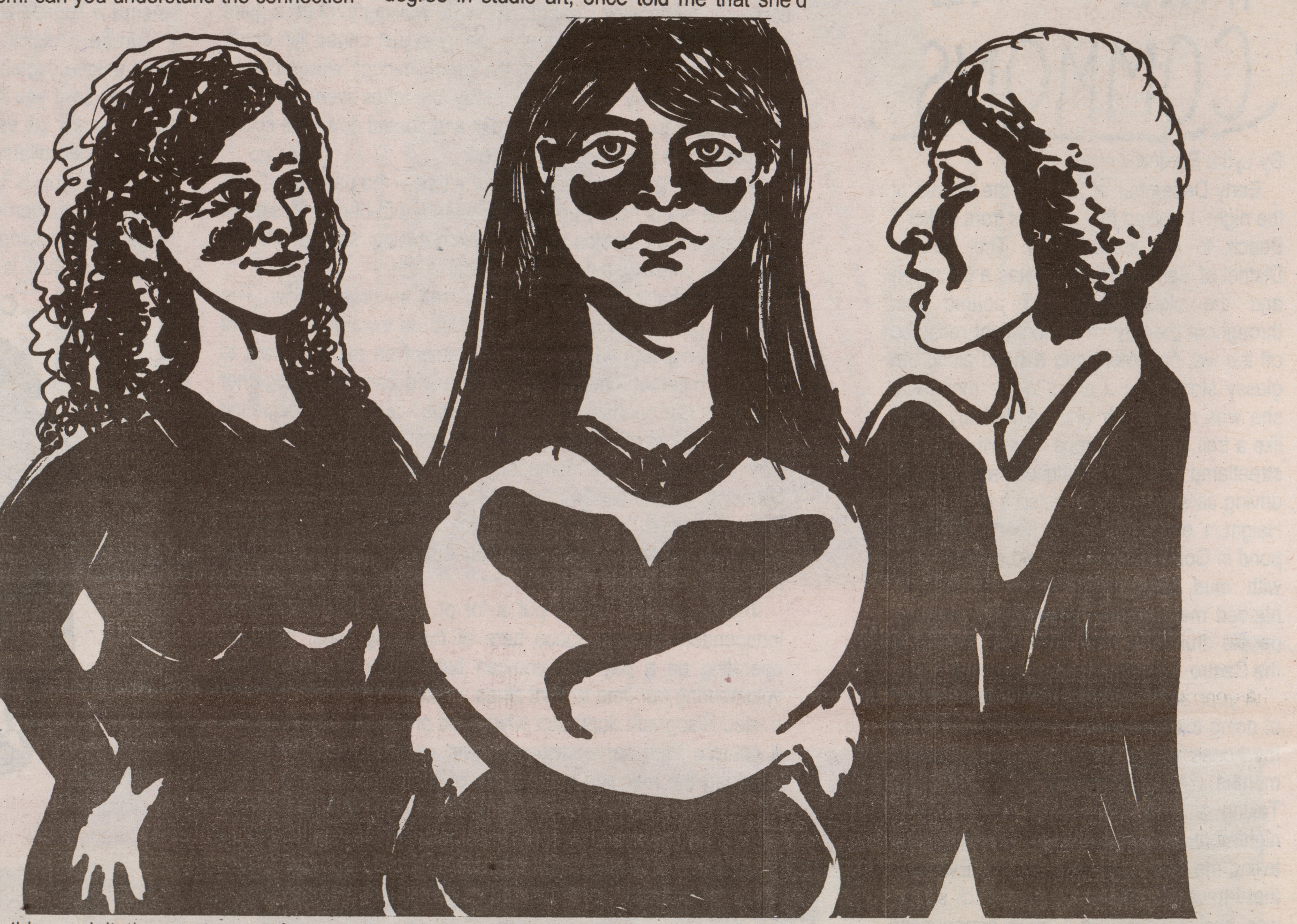
Continued from Page 1

management doesn't respect your time? Why not demand more from your employers, why choose to suffer? My sister, half Black and relatively poor, felt the need to rapidly fire a variation of these concerns when I told her about a particularly long day in Miss W's life. I'm still ashamed of the fact that I never asked Miss W how she felt about the way she was treated, though I tried to help lighten her workload when I was available to do so. Mostly I was her selfishly unaware coworker who'd been imprinted by fear.

What if this is how to gauge how thoroughly you've been poisoned by late stage capitalism: can you understand the connection between this exploitative system and your identity? Can you feel your inner freedom, or easily identify it? Assuming that to be free involves being able "to surpass the given towards an open future" as my sort-of ally Simone de Beauvoir insists, then maybe low wages and unreasonable employer expectations — among many other structural oppressions — have severely stunted the Black worker's perception of what's possible in this country, and maybe being a woman on top of all of that means few will automatically remember to deem you worthy of a free existence.

The last stanza of the Black, lesbian poet Audre Lorde's "Litany for Survival" reads: "So it is better to speak/ remembering/ we were never meant to survive." Lorde's sentiment echoes an overlooked reality for Black and Brown women in service positions, and maybe all unnurtured members of the proletariat class navigating America — this place was designed to antagonize us, to obstruct our open futures by demonizing our empathy and exploiting any instinct we have to transcend individual interests. Of course, this place actually kills us too, because it is threatened by us, because it doesn't want us to seize the wealth we've created and carefully maintained.

Though it may be better for our souls to speak out against this country's constant injustices, since we're currently so oppressed that we have nothing to lose according to Lordian logic, it's certainly not easy for us to fully believe that we are worthy of liberation. Another memorable coworker of mine called M from another low paying service job, a young woman of color with a Bachelor's degree in studio art, once told me that she'd intentionally asked for less money in her hiring interview because she was afraid she wouldn't get the job if she asked for more. M's confession sparks a connection: deserve as a communal feeling, as a collective responsibility.

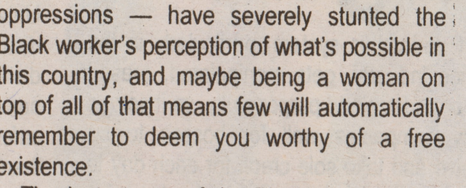


Worthiness, wherever it truly springs from, is a feeling that's either nurtured or damaged by the conditions of our lives, by the systems we work under and the people we grow with. I, you, we, don't exist in a bubble; our individual lives are defined by our relationships to the earth and other individuals. Capitalism will continue to exploit this natural interdependence in a way that ultimately leaves us landless, cultureless and isolated, wondering how in the hell we work so intimately with other people everyday to create and maintain things that end up inculcating our children with fear and hatred — soulless shit that grants maybe a few people a ridiculous amount of money and power.

I don't have a foolproof solution or a replacement for this system that's both swaddled and stunted me. What I will suggest is radical unity: a total reorientation toward each other. As of January 2023, there are 272 unionized Starbucks locations, and as the globe keeps warming and the price of everything continues to go up, I suspect there will be a lot more unionized workplaces. Americans are getting scared and want to start shaping these inevitable changes, and our intuition is telling us that we are stronger together.

In the fall of 1968, when nearly all of the University of North Carolina's non academic workers were Black according to the University's archives, food service workers in Lenoir Dining Hall sent a memo to their employers with a list of 21 suggestions for a better work environment, including but not limited to higher wages. After the suggestions weren't taken seriously and administrators refused to meet with employees, the food service workers asked the majority white students frequenting the Dining Hall for help, and a walk-out of 100 workers was organized and led by seven main Black women workers. The initial strike evolved and went on for over a year, and then another strike happened after the agreements of the first strike weren't upheld, but eventually the Dining Hall workers and helpful students won, inspiring many different movements across the state.

All of that is to say I believe in us, and I'm tired of wanting to die. I think I'll try wanting freedom now. Freedom is a feeling that deserves flexibility in our hearts — it's communal. "The function of freedom," said Toni Morrison, "is to free someone else." I like that, need to believe it. Miss W does not deserve our pity, she deserves freedom, she deserves a community dedicated to freeing her. Will clocking in again ever thoroughly save her, though?



Circulation information

Subscriptions to *Slingshot* are free to prisoners, low income, or anyone in the USA with a Slingshot Organizer, or $1 per issue donation. International $3 per issue. Outside the Bay Area we'll mail you a free stack of copies if you give them out for free. Say how many copies and how long you'll be at your address. In the Bay Area pick up copies at Long Haul and Bound Together books, SF.

Message to Prison Subscribers

What we do: We provide free subscriptions to incarcerated individuals in the US who request them. Recently we only publish 2 times a year, so there may be up to a ***6 month delay*** between when you request a subscription and when you get a paper. We do accept submissions of art and articles from incarcerated subscribers but we only publish a very tiny fraction. We don't publish poetry or fiction, and only run personal narratives or stories about your case if they are framed within radical analysis.

What we don't do: We are unable to provide penpals, legal aid/advice, financial assistance, literature besides *Slingshot*, or respond to requests for other kinds of help. Usually, we can't write back. We can't use JPay / other inmate email services.

Comrades on the outside: We receive 5-10 letters from incarcerated folks every day. We welcome help reading them and processing subscription requests! — Love, Slingshot

Widen the Divide

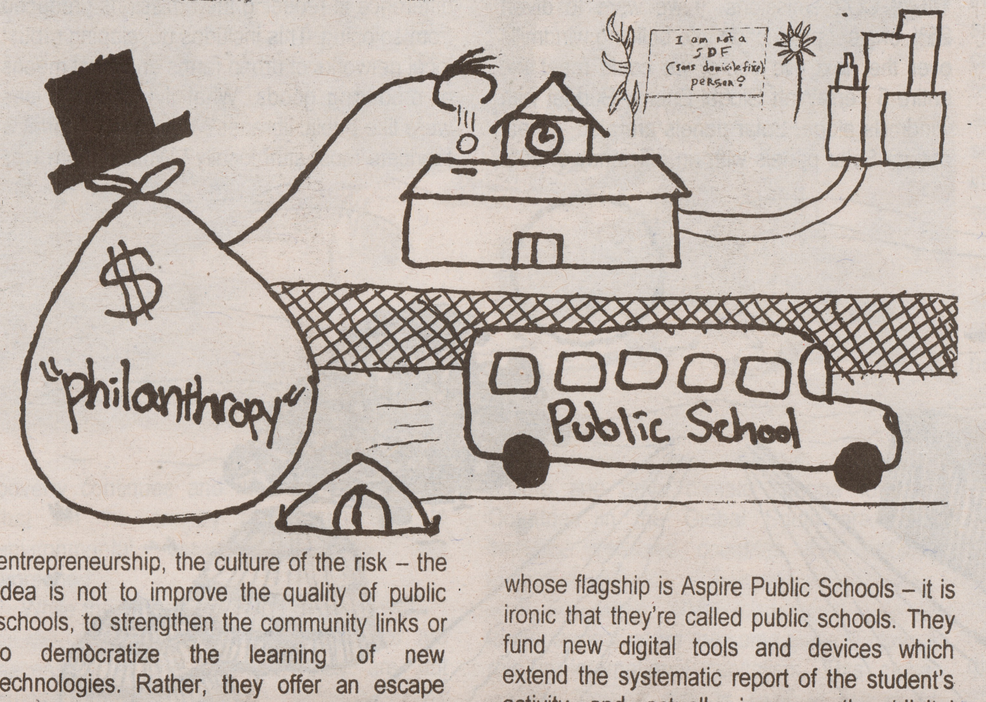
Nonprofits in Education

By Rotciv

In her book *No such thing as a free gift, an investigation of the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation*, Linsey McGoey argues that social justice ideals are now dependent upon the good will of billionaires and their foundations who gained an immense power over global health policies, agriculture and education among others. The Bay Area has experienced a surge in the number of foundations these last years. In 2014, there were 2,900 foundations while 5 years later, more than 3,600 operated in this area. They gave more than $8 billion in grants and donations, first and foremost to education which represented more than $2 billion of this total.

A few years ago, I started studying philanthropy and capitalism as a master's student in sociology because I was interested in the rise of foundations in France. In a country where the welfare state was (and is still) the center of all the discussions, the private gift for public purposes – it is a common definition of philanthropy – started to appear as a solution to the disinvestment of the state in the cultural and social affairs. It is in the realm of culture that philanthropists, building on family fortunes or on an entrepreneurial success, first started to intervene. But education remained at the time in the scope of the public.

I arrived in California four months ago. I came here to study the impact of foundations, nonprofits, and philanthropists on education and how they were building a new vision for public schools, especially with the movement of the charter schools. Even if the Bay Area has one of the greatest concentration of nonprofits and foundations in the world, the urban landscape did not reflect this "burst of generosity". One can find almost as many nonprofit organizations as homeless people: there are 28,000 nonprofit organizations and about 35,000 homeless persons. So, I started asking myself: what are the nonprofits doing? How could a ratio of about one nonprofit to one homeless person be possible? I thought of an example which might outline the reasons for this gap.


$
"philanthropy"
Public School
I am not a SDF (sans domicile fixe) person?

I work with a few nonprofits in the Bay Area which deal with the question of education. A lot of them have their headquarters in Oakland, so I started investigating this city and the relation of nonprofits to the exterior world, the street, the Bart, for example. And, I must say, they have an ambiguous relationship to this outside. For the ones who organize clubs, where students do all type of activities – games, podcasts, regular classes, – and develop new skills – confidence, entrepreneurship, the culture of the risk – the idea is not to improve the quality of public schools, to strengthen the community links or to democratize the learning of new technologies. Rather, they offer an escape route for the students who can then be socially mobile while the others are stuck with the bare means of public schools. The nonprofit spaces create new barriers between the inside and the outside. Thanks to specific resources, to luck or to a mentor, a few students are coached and have a chance to compete for the best colleges and the higher wages in the Bay Area. Once they have gone through the doors and the security of these *shelters* – rather than actual community spaces – they are as distant from the homeless people as the businessmen in the towers of deserted downtown San Francisco. Everything is done to protect these children from the violence of the outside. But in doing so, another form of social violence is re-created. Of course, nonprofits will argue, for a good reason certainly, that they use their means and do the maximum with these financial means. But what do they use these means for? They have massively funded the development of charter schools, a tool for the privatization of school whose flagship is Aspire Public Schools – it is ironic that they're called public schools. They fund new digital tools and devices which extend the systematic report of the student's activity and actually increase the 'digital divide'. They promote a vision of school as a pathway to get a job, not a place where children can blossom.

Philanthropy and nonprofits rely on extreme wealth. It is no coincidence that the Bay Area has this concentration of start-ups, companies, and this proliferation of philanthropic gifts. I am still unsure if nonprofits are wrong in themselves or if they are only the surface of a deeper ongoing trend. But I am sure that most nonprofits' workers are good-willed. It is not the question. Rather, I think that nonprofits will not solve any fundamental problems. Because they rely on financial fortunes, they are condemned to solve *other* problems like, let's say, the digital divide. Or the educational divide. These are issues, for sure. But to answer these questions, we have to dig deeper, to the root causes of inequalities: private property and the ongoing racism. These are issues that nonprofits cannot address correctly because their existence is dependent upon the appropriation of the wealth. The capitalists are not going to shoot themselves in the foot. This goes back to a simple economic relation: a philanthropic gift can only take place if an individual or a company earn more than what they need to reproduce the means of their subsistence or the means of production. This means that the gift comes from a surplus. This surplus is the profit: contrary to actual grassroots organizations, the overwhelming majority of nonprofits rely on profit-making. And from this perspective, they contribute to inequalities and homelessness.

I believe that the root causes of inequalities lie in education and in how resources are distributed from a very young age. And, in the Bay Area, the children experience, from this very young age, skyrocketing disparities. Nonprofits select a few privileged and help them *race to the top*. This creates an enclosed environment contrary to the ideal of an open education. And the people left behind seem not to be worth consideration. I think it is time to imagine another school, a truly public school, freed from the influence of billionaires and their innovative ideas. There is no need to innovate in education: we need a radical disruption from the entrepreneurship and all those ideas. As Linsey McGoey argues, social and racial justice cannot be optional. The good will of philanthropists will not be enough.

Sharing skills & CREATING CULTURE

By Chris, Nikki, Julie

"All struggles are essentially power struggles. Who will rule, who will lead, who will define, refine, confine, design." - *Earthseed*, memories of the living

In Octavia Butler's dystopian sci-fi *Parable* series, almost too real to read in 2023 California, protagonist Lauren Oya Olamina and her family and neighbors survive a drought, an uncaring government, and the ever-present threat of violence through the practical skills and knowledge they have shared with one another. Their society mirrors some of the world we know today, the world we struggle through, the world whose future we control. Many recognize that information-sharing can help us adapt to these adverse circumstances. However, the Left often concerns itself with academic knowledge and theory to the exclusion of practical knowledge: the building blocks in fighting for a more just future. In society, many life skills are passed down almost solely through family ties. That flow of knowledge has withered away as corporations stand to benefit from commodifying life skills into services. Things like car maintenance have been gatekept by gender; others like homesteading/land stewardship have been gatekept by race and class. Classes on basic life skills cost hundreds or even thousands of dollars.

Complex intersecting identities, including queer and trans identities, make the concepts of family, community belonging, and generational skill-sharing even more complicated. That's why Nikki and Micha started Queer Survival Skillshare (IG: @queersurvivalskillshare). It's a group that meets on Sundays in different spaces around the East Bay, to equip queer folks with essential life skills in a free/ donation-based decentralized workshop structure. From and for the queer community, workshops they've arranged so far include pasta-making, changing car oil, weightlifting, bike maintenance, herbal remedies, firestarting, and growing microgreens.

"The title Queer Survival Skillshare is both in reference to the workshops' focus on survivalist, homesteading, and permaculture type skills, and also the idea that acquiring these skills might better the chances for the literal survival of the queer community through times of upheaval that we find ourselves in," explains Nikki, one of the cofounders.

Queer Survival Skillshare joins other community event spaces like 2727 California, the East Bay Community Hub, and the Long Haul (see the Slingshot community directory for a much more complete list) and free workshop series held by mutual aid groups and the PLACE for Sustainable Living in Oakland. In Nikki's words, skillshares can become a "queer Yellow Pages" that provide a network of mutual aid, a support system to rely on, and a space for queer joy and fun. It is a re-imagination of a found family, of breaking capitalist cycles of having to purchase goods and services to survive. It is one of many potential solutions to the question: What does it look like to provide for oneself and for one's communities?

Its founders are excited for what lies in the future. They hope to empower attendees to lead their own workshops, and inspire folks in other areas to start similar groups. It's an iterative process, but they define success as "people coming out and leaving one skill richer, and seeing their knowledge as something to teach and be proud of."

Great changes to our environment and our lives are coming, or have already arrived. We are all that we have, and sharing what we have with one another might be what gets us all through.

CLIMATE CHANGE

Path To Zero

most complex puzzle ever created

By A Pack of Cats

Our future is at stake, quickly slipping through our fingers. Those in power have been trying to lull everyone to sleep with fairytales and false claims about how greenhouse emissions are going to start declining *really soon* — but they keep rising. They keep telling us not to talk about climate data because "it might depress people." …or it might stir us to action!

We are on pace to hit 5 degrees of planetary warming by 2100 — which would cause massive species extinction, human displacement and famine if not worse. Over the last 12 months, Earth saw the greatest output of CO2 emissions ever. We already locked in 1°C of warming back in 2012. We have got to create a zero emissions society fast if we want to avoid more warming, but this is going to require massive social pressure on those who profit from the status quo to rapidly replace technologies humans have used for the last century.

Fossil-fuel-funded media outlets often present fake solutions that tell people to focus on individual choices rather than working together to end fossil fuel use and build alternatives. Perhaps the most common "divide and conquer" fake solution is the "carbon footprint" — designed by BP Oil. We need to stop just focusing on individual choices and focus on systemic changes.

These two changes are necessary to get to a zero emissions society:

1) **Stop burning fossil fuels** (this accounts for roughly 89% of global CO2 emissions)

2) **Stop deforestation** (this accounts for 10% of all greenhouse emissions)

The pathway to fixing these two things is complex but we can pinpoint social-power structures that are causing emissions to accelerate. Some are overt — like the fossil fuel extraction apparatus — while others are more subtle — like the way fossil fuel use has been woven into the way we structure our lives, or the way governments have built deforestation and fossil fuel extraction into the funding of social programs.

We can't just address one thing. This is the most complicated puzzle ever created. Every aspect needs to be addressed at once, and no single person or single sector has all the skills to address it alone. We all need to work in concert, all doing very different types of tasks.

If everyone works together, it is possible to get to a zero emissions society within five years. Here is a list of things that — if all done fast enough at the same time — would get us closer to a zero emissions society. The list below draws upon conversations with climate scientists, social scientists, and engineers who have taken time to break things down to members of the *Slingshot* collective.

Individually, we do not control these things which is why collective action is essential. Different folks need to work on different stuff, and to respect the work of those with different fields of expertise. This is a cooperative game.

Getting to Zero Emissions

1) Rapidly build solar panels and windmills. Electricity generation accounts for 1/3 of CO2 emissions. If we were to divert 25% of steel production into building windmills over the next five years, we could meet the entire 5 TerraWatt Global Energy Budget with windmills alone. Solar panels are also a great option. Solar panels with an efficiency of 20% placed over just 0.1% of the Earth's surface would completely meet The Energy Budget. (See: tinyurl.com/UWClimateBook)

2) It's time for an Energy Storage Revolution. A common excuse to continue to use fossil fuels to generate electricity is that they can provide electricity when the wind is not blowing or at night. Saying goodbye to fossil fuels means rapidly expanding secondary storage methods. There are two basic kinds of energy storage:

Bulk methods. Ways to store lots of energy in bulk include gravity batteries, flywheel storage, and pumped hydro. Lots of great bulk storage methods already exist and just need to be rolled out quickly.

stop focusing on individual choices and focus on systemic changes

Micro methods. Smaller, more precise forms of energy storage are also needed. There's definitely a nuanced conversation to be had here, especially in terms of the way smaller batteries often use rare minerals with harmful mining practices. *Presently, there are efforts underway to develop Rare-Mineral-Free batteries. These efforts absolutely need more attention and public support.* (See: tinyurl.com/OSUbatteries)

3) Freeze new investments in fossil fuel extraction and combustion. Global energy investment was $2.2 trillion in 2022. About $1.1 was invested in fossil fuels — infrastructure that is designed to operate for decades. Net income for oil and gas producers was $4 trillion. While renewable investments are rising rapidly, why is any money still being invested in suicide energy?

4) End Fossil Fuel Subsidies. Fossil fuel subsidies lock fossil fuel consumption in place. In 2020, $5.9 trillion was provided by the IMF and national governments to subsidize fossil fuels. These funds should be directed towards carbon-free energy alternatives instead.

5) Reduce the distance goods and food need to travel to get to us. Rapidly localizing production of food & goods would make a big difference in reducing the emissions produced from shipping. This includes developing robust local networks of urban farms and local means of producing goods. What if fabrication labs were like public libraries? Why not 3-D print & fabricate most stuff locally? What if there was a farm on every corner?

6) Make the built environment more habitat-dense & engaging. Biophilic design brings more habitat into urban spaces. Making cities greener and more inviting increases the likelihood that people will want to walk, ride bikes, or use public transit.

7) Build reliable public transit and EV infrastructure. Burning fossil fuels for transportation accounts for about 1/3 of CO2 emissions, so decarbonizing transport is essential. Public transit helps. Making it easier to walk and bike and drive less also helps. But some folks will still need to drive and for that Electric Vehicles (EVs) are a form of harm reduction: it's a less harmful replacement for a deadly behavior.

7) Stop subsidizing air travel. Air travel is a heavy emitter and there is no good technology to replace it at this time. Less than 10% of the population flies in a given year, yet governments heavily subsidize air travel. Let's use the funds for rail and other options.

8) End Investor Ownership of Energy Companies. Presently, most utility companies are owned by Wall Street investors who also have holdings in fossil fuels. This means they have a "conflict-of-interest" incentive to promote accelerated burning of fossil fuels. This is partly why most of our grids haven't switched to renewables. In 2023, around 60% of the U.S. grid is still powered by fossil fuels. *All energy companies need to be immediately transitioned to co-ops or public utilities.* (See: tinyurl.com/fossilfuelgrid)

9) Switch to Regenerative Agriculture (RA). Unsustainable agricultural practices drive 90% of deforestation. Switching to RA would mean building resilient ways of meeting food supply needs while protecting the ecology. More info here: tinyurl.com/RAfood101.

10) Improve Gender Equity. Data continue to show that gender-based oppression is linked to ecological harm. Even when controlling for other factors, one study found that countries with better gender equity experienced a 11.51% decrease in emissions over a roughly four-decade period. Having better gender equity throughout society improves decision-making, and has been proven to accelerate de-carbonization efforts. For more on this: tinyurl.com/GenderClimateJustice

11) Dismantle structural racism. There are countless examples of how structural racism contributes to climate change. Racist forms of gentrification increases the distances people have to drive to get to work. Sociologist Julius McGee coined the term "energy racism" to describe how racialized wealth gaps prevent marginalized groups from owning energy efficient appliances, locking them into poverty while locking in higher emissions. Info: pdx.academia.edu/JuliusMcGee

12) Improve Indigenous Sovereignty. Analysis of satellite data shows that when Indigenous people have better control over ancestral land, ecosystems are more likely to be preserved, combating climate change by protecting carbon sinks and preventing deforestation. tinyurl.com/ICCAreport2021

13) Build the Cooperative Economy. Cooperatives are a form of business or housing project owned by those who use it, rather than outside investors. Since the 1800s, the co-op movement has slowly been growing. Building resilient co-op networks have been found to be better for the environment, since they factor out Wall Street algorithms and keep decision-making in the hands of real people who live on earth, rather than letting dumb math run the show. See 2021 International Co-op Alliance report: tinyurl.com/Coops4Climate

14) Diversify eco-aesthetics and rhetoric. Right now, ecology-positive aesthetics are pretty limited, and the rhetoric of getting to zero emissions tends to only appeal to some groups. There is a need for artists, designers, and media-makers to develop a full range of visions, eco-aesthetics and ways of talking about a more ecologically grounded society that appeals to all types of folks.

15) Switch to renewable construction and fabrication supplies. Construction & fabrication materials can be sourced locally in a variety of ways, including mushroom bricks, hemp, bamboo, and more! Switching to renewable fabrication and construction supplies would make a big difference. (In 2021, 7% of global emissions came from the cement industry.)

If we take care of everything on this list, it would get us past a 90% reduction in emissions, while laying the groundwork for the social process that would get us to zero.

ANARCHIST Social NETWORK

BUILD SUPPORT

By Umi Molter (they/them), Gold Nugget Zine creator, @g0lden_nugget

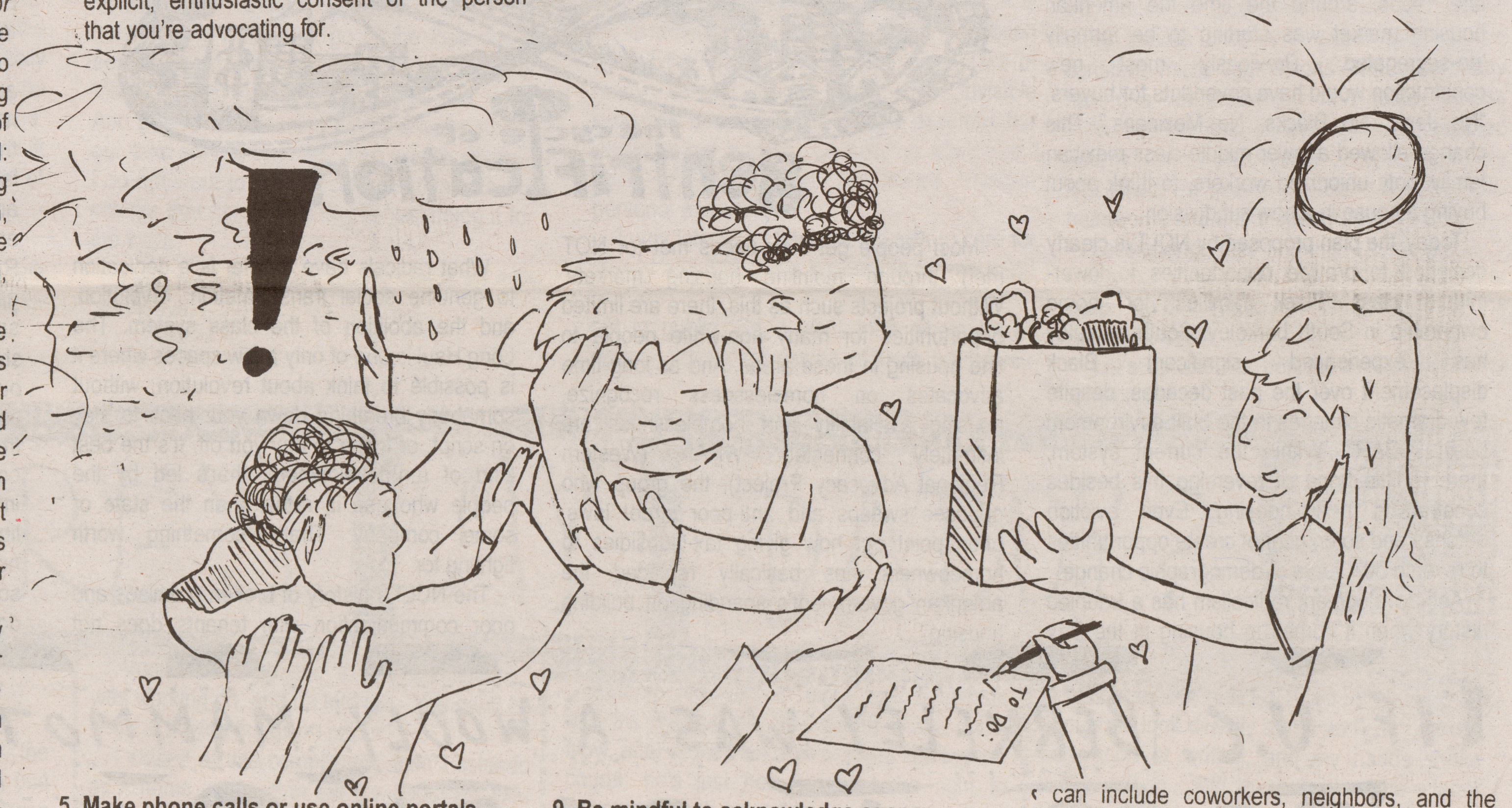
As a social worker, I see on a daily basis how people are failed by institutions that are (supposedly) created to support them, and it is heartbreaking to see people fall through the cracks. There is something that I have noticed though: People who have stronger support communities end up having a better quality of life and are more likely to bounce back from hardships. For those of us who struggle with executive function, the hoops we have to jump through while trying to get our needs met by institutions often make it so that they're truly inaccessible, and that's where our communities can jump in.

Do you know anyone who lives with any of these conditions? ADHD, Chronic Pain/Fatigue, Alzheimer's/Dementia, Complex Grief, Anxiety, Connective Tissue Disorders, Autism, Depression, Behavioral Disorders, Eating Disorders, Bipolar Disorder, Epilepsy, BPD or Fibromyalgia?

If you do, chances are, you or someone in your closest circle or larger community struggles with Executive "Dysfunction." It is commonly referred to as *having a difficulty with one or more of the executive functions which are either cognitive, behavioral or emotional.* And it's actually much more common than one might think. According to learning and language specialist Craig Selinger, these are the 10 different types of Executive Function commonly referenced: Emotional control, Task initiation, Planning and prioritizing, Sustained attention, Response inhibition, Organization, Time management, Flexibility & Adaptation, Metacognition and Goal-directed persistence.

Having a hard time with any of these different functions may create barriers for us to access services that we need for our biological, psychological or social health and wellbeing. For example, if we have trouble with starting tasks, creating that telehealth account may never happen and we might never get the appointment we need to address a health problem we're having, leaving our health needs unmet.

We all need support sometimes. One day you may be in the supporting role, and other days, you may be in the receiving role. *We need each other*. And that is okay! You can use these tips to get some ideas flowing on how to support your people, or you can send this article to your community to give them ideas on how to collaborate with you in getting your needs met...



TIPS

1. Open up the communication

Sometimes it's hard to ask for help. If you perceive that someone in your community's needs are going unmet, you could mention that to them and ask how they're *really* doing. You could ask about different types of needs, like those regarding physical health, mental health, employment difficulties, challenging bureaucratic processes like applying for ID's, legal status in the country, financial aid, disability evaluations, etc.

2. Ask for consent to support

If the person decided to open up and talk about certain needs that are going unmet, and you personally (or collectively, if you have others willing to collaborate, which is the more ideal situation) feel that you have the capacity in your life right now to advocate for them, ask them for their consent to support them. Be as specific as possible. You could ask, "Can I research some services that address to these kinds of things in our area on your behalf?" If the person says yes, let them know that you'll get back to them and touch base with what options you found.

3. Research local services

Look up local services that address those kind of needs, and also inform yourself on the legal rights your friend might have. Make sure to read through local laws and check out what kind of services the public institutions offer for these kind of problems as well. *Make a list of different services that they would be eligible for and make a detailed list of all the requirements, documents, copies and forms that would need to be presented in order to access the service.* Maintain privacy by not divulging any information they didn't explicitly give you their consent to share.

4. Support with paperwork

Ask if the person wants or needs help with getting the required documentation together. This can take time and some planning, especially if they have to apply for certain documents that they don't already have, such as getting a government ID, birth certificate, social security number or medical documents. If you're supporting your friend through teamwork, the team could split up these tasks to make it lighter for everyone, always with the explicit, enthusiastic consent of the person that you're advocating for.

5. Make phone calls or use online portals

For some people, making phone calls might be impossible or cause distress, overwhelm or confusion. If this is the case, they can consent to you making necessary phone calls on their behalf, either in their presence or privately. You could also offer to be present while they make phone calls in case they get overwhelmed or anxious, for example. Some people may also have difficulty using online platforms, so you could also offer to create the required logins to book appointments, always with their consent. Make sure you write down their logins, passwords and any other important information like doctor or social worker names and phone numbers, appointment times, etc.

6. Support through organization

Ask if they would like support with organizing their documents, medicines and general paperwork. You could get a folder and organize the documents by service provided or by topic, such as "health", "work", "disability", "legal status", etc. One of my partners has an ADHD diagnosis and this is usually the hardest part for them, so when they go to their appointments, they just stick all the papers they're given in the folder and later we go through it together and write To Do's on a whiteboard. It has actually turned into a nice moment of connection for us. <3

7. Offer to accompany them

You can offer to accompany them to appointments. They can decide if they want you to just go with them and drop them off, wait for them in the waiting area, or go in with them to their appointment (when allowed). I have chronic stomach issues and my partners always alternate taking me to appointments, and honestly even when they're only allowed to wait in the waiting room with me, I feel so supported knowing I have someone to hold hands with before and after, and to be there for me if something upsetting happened in the appointment.

8. Provide non-judgmental emotional support

For some of us, even thinking about these processes can be overwhelming, exhausting and disabling. It's important to be aware of this whether or not the tasks at hand seem "hard" to us personally. Offering a non-judgmental ear without trying to fix everything for the other person or change their mind about how good or bad the process is going can make a world of a difference.

9. Be mindful to acknowledge agency

Do not assume that someone can't do something. If in doubt, ask directly if they would like support. Practicing explicit, verbal consent is one of the most important ways that we can acknowledge someone's agency amidst these often dehumanizing processes. Ask them how they *want* to be supported, and then *listen* and respect their boundaries. Try not to question their capability when they tell you that they want to do something you know they're struggling with on their own. If it doesn't work, be there to help them get back on the horse. Our role is to support, not to be anyone's superhero. For many of us, receiving help is incredibly difficult as it is. Don't underestimate the power of the person in question having the last word regarding their processes — *this can be what restores justice to people who have been disabled by an inaccessible system.*

10. Remind ourselves of the horizontality

Remind yourself that although you are supporting the person in question with certain aspects of their process that are difficult for them, this does not grant you any type of power over them whatsoever. The support being offered should always be horizontal. Any type of power dynamic needs to be absolutely avoided in order for the dignity of everyone to be preserved. Let's check ourselves!

11. Deconstruct social hierarchies

While reading this article, who have you thought about when I've talked about your "community"? In heteronormative, nuclear family-based societies, we often have certain social hierarchies ingrained in us. This kind of society tells us that our immediate, blood family comes first and before anyone else, then behind them comes our spouse or romantic/sexual partner, then friends, then maybe — *maybe*, the people we see everyday at work or school, completely forgetting about our neighbors and more distant community members! I encourage you to de-hierarchize and diversify your care giving and receiving network. Providing or receiving the kind of support listed in this article doesn't only have to be directed towards your family and potential romantic/sexual partner(s). You can include your friends in this self-made care giving and receiving network. You can include other people you see on a daily, weekly or monthly basis. You can include long-distance friends. You can include past lovers that you hold a healthy, caring relationship with. You can include coworkers, neighbors, and the people who caregive to people important to you. You can include so many people here, and the more we include in our care-giving and receiving networks, the stronger, more diverse and resilient our community becomes.

12. Respect your capacity

Acknowledging that you may have "more" executive function than some of your community members at a specific time or for a specific task doesn't mean that you have an unlimited capacity to advocate for them. We are not and can not be superheroes, that's simply not realistic, nor sustainable, nor healthy. Remember to rest and fill your own cup by advocating for your own needs and asking for support from your community members when you need it. Don't make yourself a martyr to the cause. Rest.

13. Call upon community

When your cup is empty or you're out of energy, call upon your community, with the enthusiastic consent of the person you've been helping. These systems are sometimes so fucked up, complex and coercive that we literally can't do these things alone. We build community when we allow ourselves to be aided by it. We build community when we freely and proactively offer our support to it.

The art of enthusiastically giving support
and openly allowing ourselves to receive it
is the primordial Heartbeat of Community.

Umi (they/them) can be reached at you.me.molter@gmail.com or on Instagram at @g0lden_nugget.

SAVE THE

Beyond Defense, Towards Revolution

By S

The Northern California Land Trust (NCLT) has announced new plans to demolish the building housing the Long Haul and replace it with an 8-story building of co-op apartments, condominiums, and ground-floor space which they promise will be similar to the ones that exist now.

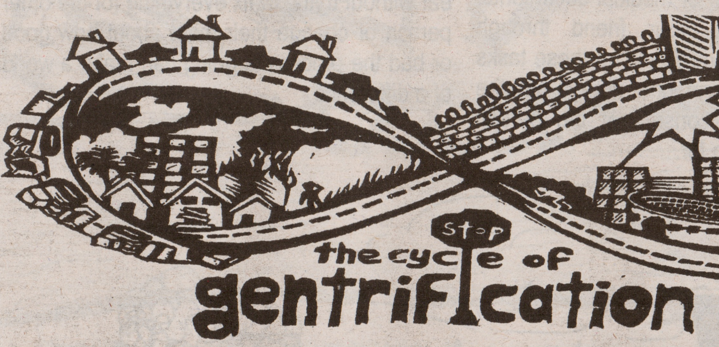
Almost everyone is torn up about it. The planning process only focuses on the shiny new thing, but doesn't offer opportunities to reflect on what we have now or grieve the possible loss of a beautiful building.

But I think saying that this project is simply 'gentrification,' or ugly condominiums, is sloppy and something to be more thoughtful about. Under the private property regime, every new development opens up some opportunities for use of the land and closes off other possibilities.

My grandparents moved to California in the late 1950s, around the time the amerikan housing market was starting to be formally 'de-segregated.' Previously most new construction would have covenants for buyers, "No Jews, No Blacks, No Mexicans." This change allowed a lower middle-class mexican family, both unionized workers, to think about buying a house in a new subdivision.

Today, the plan proposed by NCLT is clearly designed to provide opportunities to lower-middle class Black families for home ownership in South berkeley. South berkeley has experienced significant Black displacement over the past decades, despite few dramatic changes in the built environment besides BART. Within the current system, there is little hope of reversing this besides constructing new housing. Even eviction defense and so on cannot create opportunities to reverse 30+ years of demographic change.

Anti-development radicalism has a troubled history when it comes to housing in the Bay Area. In San Francisco's Western Addition in the 80s, some radical queer activists aligned with the local neighborhood and property owner groups to oppose the re-construction of a large public housing project which had been demolished. (Before its demolition it was squatted by traveling anarchists attending a conference.) While the activists and property owners had major differences, they were united around opposition to what was considered to be a tall and ugly tower. The project was almost spiked, but eventually got built as SF's first new public housing in a quarter-century. Read about this in Lorenzo Gomez's book *Full City: Gentrification, Hope VI, and the end of Public Housing Communities in San Francisco: 1970-2003.*



Most people get their needs met (or NOT met) through mainline housing markets. Without projects such as this, there are limited opportunities for many non-white people to find housing in these areas. And as long-time advocates on homelessness recognize, housing availability and homelessness are intimately connected. WRAP (Western Regional Advocacy Project), the group who opposes sweeps and anti-poor street laws, often point out how giving tax subsidies to homeowners has basically replaced the amerikan government's spending on building housing.

For example, WRAP points out in *House Keys, Not Handcuffs,* that from 1996-2005, less than 2,000 units of affordable rural housing were built by the government. That's only 6% of how many were built *in the same time* from 1976-1985. State run housing has plenty of problems, like bad maintenance and management, but its abandonment is clearly one reason for displacement and growing homelessness of low income people as the general population continues to increase.

By declining to acknowledge some of these facts, radicals often cede the territory to sold-out politicians and non-profits – whose ideas are for sale, and many of whom are all too eager to facilitate any real estate deal that can line their pockets or pad their prestige.

What radicals have to offer is a dedication to genuine social transformation: revolution, and the abolition of the class system. The Long Haul is one of only a few spaces where it is possible to think about revolution, without somebody breathing down your back to stay on script, or trying to buy you off. It's the best kind of (un)development, that's led by the people who use it, rather than the state or some company. That's something worth fighting for.

The NCLT's history of broken promises and poor communication with tenants does not seem to bode well for the future of the Long Haul post-demolition. So there are very good reasons to oppose this project all together.

Usually, the people who oppose projects like this are local property owners who at best are concerned with keeping a good thing going. We need to look beyond political alignments which seek only to prevent or reverse forms of privatization happening now or since Reagan, but to create coalitions which can meaningfully oppose private property altogether.

Anarchism was once a powerful multi-racial, working-class movement in north amerika. Millions of people dedicated their lives to fighting to abolish the wage system and the state. In the early 20th century, these efforts revolved around rank-and-file trade unionism and got crushed by the Red Scare government crackdown. Today, the state is using divide-and-conquer tactics to keep people away from each other and possibilities to change life as we know it.

Rather than accepting it as a given that anarchism will be limited to small subcultural milieus, we should be welcoming everybody to the table for shelter from the terrible landscape of pollution, mass shootings, war, and so on, in order to fight the common enemy – the system and its rulers – together. Rather than playing into the property system's game of scarcity, or mocking those who want safe and decent housing for their family, we should be thinking about how to rejuvenate our radicalism to take over urban land being squandered. What if we could take land away from distant owners to turn parking lots into community parks, or sprawling bank branches into housing? How about side streets being liberated from asphalt to meet everyone's needs? This seems impossible on a large scale. But what if there were more of us? How do we get there?

IF U.C. BERKELEY WAS A WOOLY MAMMOTH PEOPLE'S PARK WOULD BE ITS LA BREA TAR PIT

By P. Wingnut

When 100 police raided People's Park in the middle the night August 3 to fence it so the University of California could build an 1,100 bed, $312 million dorm, no UC bureaucrat could have *imagined in their worst nightmares* that 6 months later the Park would remain — construction stalled indefinitely by a California Environmental Quality Act (CEQA) lawsuit.

But those of us who love and inhabit the Park knew that any attempt to develop the park would be a long, strange trip. The Park is coated in a form of revolutionary teflon so powerful that no one can grab hold very tightly — including us!

Construction vehicles that were destroyed by Park supporters after the police raid had blocked the Park's basketball court for months, but they've recently been removed — which is great because we need the Park to be more functional if we're to have any chance of saving it. The Park is still cluttered with a bunch of tree rubbish from the slaughter when the University cut down 47 trees during the 12 hours they controlled the Park — so let's do a Park makeover this spring. Stay tuned for a day of action to fix the stage, clean the bathrooms and plant trees!

UC
BERKELEY

A decision in the CEQA lawsuit might be announced by the time you read this article, but an appeal is expected. The appeals court's preliminary ruling was in favor of Park supporters, and during oral arguments the 3 judge panel was openly skeptical of te University lawyers' silly arguments. Even if the University were to win in Court, police are unlikely to attack again until the University's 30,000 students are out of town — so maybe the middle of the night in June or July?

The City and the University have spent years trying to isolate the Park by framing it as an outdated vestige of the 1960s or just another homeless encampment that should be "cleaned up" to make way for progress. The only way to protect the Park long-term is to make it a wonderful Park full of life and beauty *right now in 2023* — not just a tattered nostalgia trip. There are a lot of events and activities at the Park these days you can plug into — gardening, Food Not Bombs, Open Air Temple ... you can add your own.

The Park has always been about seizing institutional land, returning it to the commons, and operating it through user development. Since it was constructed in 1969 without University permission on land where UC had razed houses, UC has always claimed to own the Park, but has never been able to control it. Thousands built the Park in a communal eruption of freedom, love and joy, only to have UC destroy it weeks later, with police shooting randomly into crowds, killing bystander James Rector and wounding over 100. The National Guard occupied Berkeley for a week. Their land title is dripping in blood.

Those of us who use, enjoy, occupy and love the Park are unstoppable. UC Berkeley and their lackeys had better get out of the way if they can't lend a hand.

The 54th anniversary Park concerts will be April 22 and 23. Park co-founder Michael Delacour is currently in hospice so send him and his nephew Dusk your thoughts and loving energy. Join the Park email list for legal updates and event announcements by emailing: info@peoplespark.org. Text SAVETHEPARK to 41372 to join the bulldozer alarm text alert. For more info peoplespark.org

LONG HAUL

DODGING THE WRECKING BALL

By Jesse D. Palmer

When I first heard about the plan to tear down the Long Haul building where *Slingshot* has had its offices for more than 30 years, it felt like a gut punch. My initial reaction was *Fuck that — we'll contact everyone we can think of — Save The Long Haul!* I've staffed a shift every Sunday since 1993...gulp. Long Haul houses something unique — a space not devoted to commerce, operated collectively by volunteers that welcomes all types of freaks. It is the perfect place to make *Slingshot.*

The precious thing isn't the old building — it's the community and the continuity with radical struggles that have taken place here over the last 44 years. Long Haul has (roughly) a 99 year lease with cheap rent and can't afford market-rate rent in the ultra-expensive Bay Area rat race. All the shelves, lofts, paint, stairs *we made ourselves.* When a collective does stuff for itself — not because it's a paid job but because people want to do it — there's emotion that gets infused into otherwise ordinary physical objects. If you've never been to Long Haul, there's 10 skylights so it's cheerful during the day and you can hear rain fall. Everything is made of wood and painted crazy colors. There's murals, radical posters and countless shelves stuffed with ancient zines, books and phonograph records.

The place has a funky grassroots feeling to it that is missing from new sterile buildings. Which is not to say that me and other collective members aren't often frustrated at how messy Long Haul is or how dysfunctional the social dynamics can be. When no one is in charge, a place can suffer all the worst problems of a punk house where no one does their dishes. Being open to the public no matter how ragged is hard. Long Haul is known for its regulars with poor social skills / boundaries that make people uncomfortable and push them away. And yet at the moment, Long Haul is experiencing a post-pandemic renaissance of fresh new energy and events.

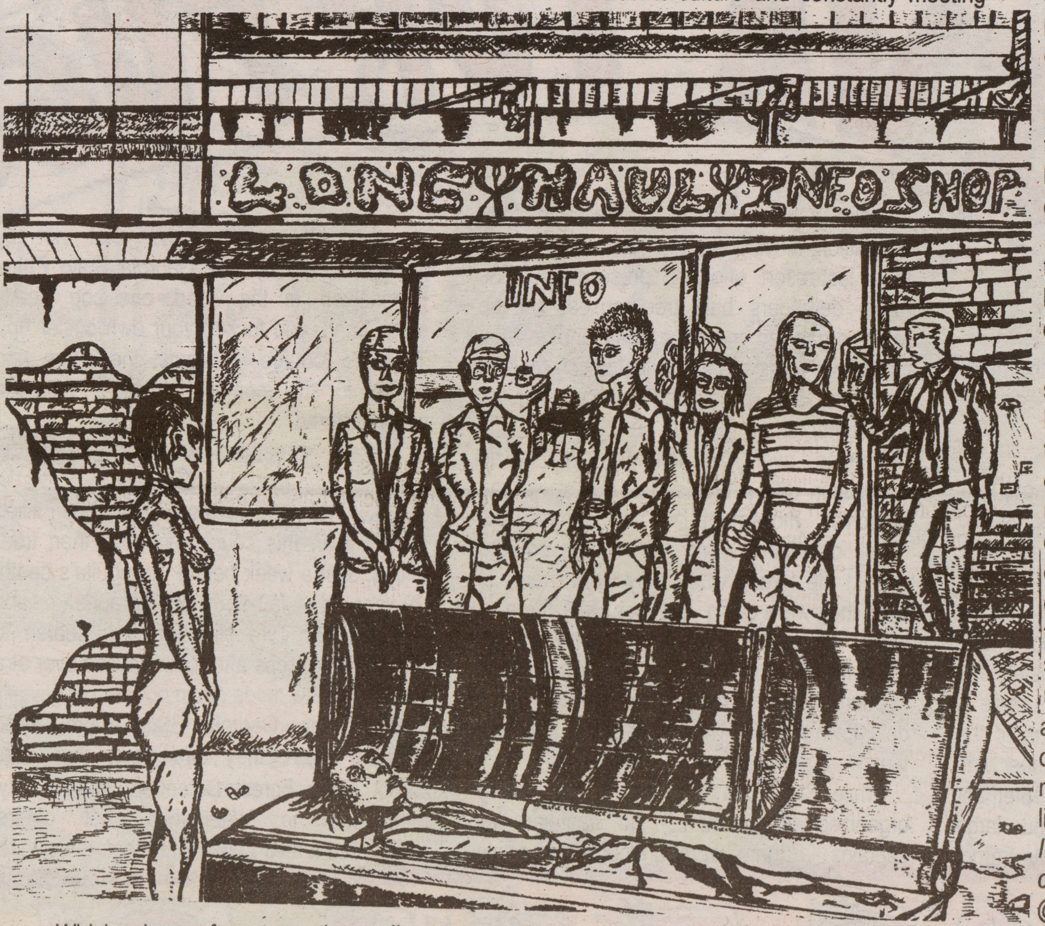
The landlord just sees Long Haul as underperforming real estate that can be replaced with something better because capitalism reduces land, people and nature to objects — profit and loss numbers. The landlord can do whatever they want even though they have no human connection to this place, whereas those of us who use the space and love it — who have history here and a connection to it — have no part in decisions. In that way it's a microcosm — capitalism always gives power to owners over users or those who do the work.

But I don't just want to express my certainty about wanting to save the Long Haul at all costs. It turns out that as I've sat with the threat of demolition, my thoughts and feelings have turned contradictory and complex — which is more interesting. I think we should distrust certainty and simplicity — that is the realm of computers and authoritarians. Nature, voluntary communities and our hearts aren't defined by sharp edges but rather lots of messy gray areas.

After my initial shock, I had doubts about pouring all my energy into a fight to save Long Haul. In nature and in our lives, things change — people and projects die — change is a natural part of life. Each closing door inevitably opens other doors. Clinging onto things has its own risks. I don't want to end up bitter or spend a bunch of my life force being against stuff. I want to focus on joy and living. I want to spend my energy making and building stuff. Being in favor of things.

While I'm in mourning at the idea that Long Haul might end up rubble, I'm also curious what opportunities might be out there for me personally, for the projects like *Slingshot* that call Long Haul home, and for the thriving community that exists at Long Haul.

Thinking about all the people I could call and try to rally against our landlord, I keep wondering if it wouldn't be better to spend that time marching with those people against oil companies, banks and repressive political and cultural forces.



Which raises a funny question — I'm pretty sure it would be much *easier* to get people to protest to save Long Haul vs. organizing those same people against climate change or capitalism. Why? As humans we have an easier time fighting something our brains can grasp rather than overwhelming, faceless, global crisis.

I'm hesitant to *add* to this problem by injecting *another* campaign into the world. The proliferation of single-issue, micro-focused protests takes up a lot of time and gets a lot of us off the hook of doing harder forms of organizing that feel scary and overwhelming. These local campaigns can be a form of procrastination — like cleaning the living room when you're supposed to be writing a term paper.

If we're to survive as a species, we need to stare straight into the overwhelming problems we face and stay focused so we can come together to build broad-based movements that take on systems, not just the symptoms. Our best response to the death culture is to make communities full of art and pleasure independent from the economy.

We build community and sharpen our organizing with local campaigns, but we need to get better about picking what's really crucial. The main reason I care about saving Long Haul is because I'm *personally* involved — which is the force motivating *every* NIMBY fight against change whether it is against a clean injection site, windmills or a new apartment building. Change is always painful to those personally affected — and yet change is essential in so many areas, particularly the big changes necessary to make life more sustainable by reducing emissions. Replacing a single-story building like Long Haul with an 8 story low-income apartment building close to BART, stores and jobs helps the housing crisis and reduces driving. If it wasn't the Long Haul being knocked down, I would be for it.

I've been volunteering at Long haul for 30 years — when I tell people, they look at me like I have two heads. It is a pleasure and a privilege doing my 3 hour shift every Sunday — hearing what's going on in various corners of the counterculture and constantly meeting new people. The collective meets once a month and a lot of times, we face the same unsolvable problems repeated over and over. But nevertheless, there's jokes and people I like seeing at those meetings. In normal life I'm sometimes the weirdest person in a room, but not at Long Haul — we're all misfits here.

I've often wondered would I just keep volunteering at Long Haul until I got too old? Sometime I've thought "if there was an *earthquake* and the building collapsed I would be sad but I would also consider it a *gift*" — getting me out of a situation I can't end on my own. The landlord taking Long Haul down isn't poetic — it's an arrogant exercise of power — but the resulting *freedom and change* might be the same.

As of *Slingshot's* publication date, the Long Haul collective is having a lot of meetings to figure out what to do. A lot of us want to fight hard — don't take my complex feelings as a eulogy or a sign that Long Haul is giving in. *Save the Long Haul!* The landlord wanted to tear the building down 15 years ago and we helped save the building back then — don't count us out. We need help.

And as we fight to stay here, we're simultaneously always trying to improve. Right now we're only open 3 hours a day in the evening — it would be great to have more exciting projects using the space when we're not open as well as more well attended eventing events. The Long Haul sometimes is diverse and welcoming but other times it is dominated by entitled dudes — there's a lot that can be done to make the Long Haul worth saving. Let's not just write articles mired in nostalgia or shit talking the landlord for being a landlord — let's keep our eyes on the prize of a world without landlords. That's why we need the Long Haul and a thousand places like it.

If you've spent time at Long Haul since 1979, contact us now for updates: longhaulinfoshop@protonmail.com. The Infoshop opened in 1993 so we're making a 30th anniversary zine. Send articles by Bastille Day - July 14. We want to reconnect with old friends and celebrate the good times.

BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY

By Friends of Crime

The pale worm called 'Progress' wriggles on... And today we find it darkening our door under the euphemism 'development'. We learned this unhappy news when the Northern California Land Trust (sic) recently announced plans to build condominiums on the corner of Woolsey and Shattuck that The Long Haul occupies. What details we've heard have predictably been couched in rhetoric around "affordable housing", "sustainability", "building community", and other equivocations. It isn't hard to discern the actual motive here: *profit* — as usual. This kind of progressive phraseology is now routinely invoked to allow exploitation to proceed unimpeded, with the glowing approval of the flies who feast on such shameless babble.

We have heard the braying of a few mystified donkeys in our midst ("Ye-ah, ye-ah...") who cite the lack of affordable housing to justify and celebrate our potential displacement. To this, we say that any meaningful response to the housing crisis must end the crisis that is development. Halting environmental destruction necessarily means the total obstruction of rapacious developers. Raising condos over the ruins of our shared home in no way ameliorates the nightmares produced by the functionaries of Capital. What it does is sacrifice a space used primarily by poor and marginalized individuals to the very forces that brought about this perpetual catastrophe. This is how the death march of economic progress stalks onward: the specter of 'The Community' is used to annihilate *living communities*; the specter of 'Ecology' is used to legitimize the regimes currently *trampling life wherever we look*.

Those of us writing this do not presume to speak for or represent The Long Haul. We speak in our own capacity as wild, lawless beings fiercely protective of our home and unwilling to indulge investors and their flunkeys in steamrolling over our lives. We intend to resist this attempt to displace us to the bitter end, by any means necessary and hope you will join us in this effort.

EARTH SHALL

By Lola

WEELAUNEE PEOPLE'S PARK, SOUTHEAST ATLANTA — a pine tree stretches across the forest floor, torn up by its roots. Surrounding it: more signs of disturbance. A crumpled-up tarp, broken glass, splintered plywood. A tent flipped sideways, with slashes running through it.

A few minutes ago, soft sunset light was weaving in through a canopy of tight-knit pines and casting a warm glow over the forest floor, but now the shadows are lengthening. I am here alone. The forest creaks and the leaves shuffle with creatures hidden just out of sight, somehow reminding me that just a week ago, a life was lost on the very ground I now stand upon. Maybe I should be more afraid? I'm not exactly sure where I will be sleeping or how reliable the MARTA is. I've never been to Georgia before. And there's someone else here — besides the creatures, I mean. In the distance. I hear them whistling.

VIVA TORTUGUITA!

It is a strange evening, made all the more strange by the fact that no part of me feels any fear.

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The 2020 George Floyd-inspired riots may not have amounted to as much as some had hoped, but they did manage to seriously freak out the cops. In response to officer complaints of "low morale" and "increased crime" following the Black Lives Matter movement, the Atlanta Police Foundation requested 381 acres of the Weelaunee Forest to create a military training base on the outskirts of the city. Despite public dissent, the request was approved by the City of Atlanta in September 2021 and financially backed by various large corporations (including Amazon, Wells Fargo, Delta Airlines, The Home Depot, and UPS) in the months that followed.

Of the $90 million that the Atlanta Police Foundation plans to spend on the project, two-thirds will come from corporate funding and the remaining third from tax-payer dollars. The APF plans on converting this huge amount of space and money into a military base complete with shooting ranges, bomb and tear-gas testing zones, a helicopter landing pad, a burn building, and a "mock city" where cops can practice urban warfare techniques — the surveillance, control, arrest, and murder of city residents.

The zone has been dubbed Cop City by its overwhelming opposition, and as forest defenders have graffitied all over the city, it will never be built.

As 2021 drew to a close, Atlantans decided to take a more literal approach to their opposition, moving into the Weelaunee Forest in a last-resort effort at preservation. The forest defenders built tree-houses, set up tents, organized meeting areas and events, vandalized weapons and construction tools of the state, and established a welcoming yet non-authoritarian culture of occupation and resistance over the following year. The occupation of the Weelaunee Forest was an anarchist movement — an untelevised revolution. There aren't any records on who was in the forest, when they were there, or what they were doing. But they *were* there — plenty of them. In the trees, on the streets, peaceful and barefoot on the forest floor, hooded and full of rage at the CNN Center in downtown Atlanta. They were there, and then they were gone.

While Stop Cop City was a horizontally organized movement — no captains, all captains — there were undoubtedly certain individuals who kept the movement alive with their unique charisma, wisdom, and capacity to organize. Manuel Teran, known in the forest by their alias "Tortuguita," belonged in that group. Warm, intelligent, funny, brave, and abolitionist to the core, Tortuguita was murdered by the Georgia State Patrol on January 18th, 2023, in a final violent raid of the Weelaunee Forest.

A recent autopsy has revealed that Tortuguita was shot at least 13 times. Georgia Stage Patrol claimed it was in self-defense; that the shooting took place after Tortuguita shot one of their officers in the abdomen (he was wearing a bullet-proof vest and has sustained non-life threatening injuries). However, in early February, body camera footage from just after the event revealed what Forest Defenders have insisted since the fatal shooting: this officer was shot not by Tortuguita, but by The Georgia State Patrol themselves. In the video, one cop clearly says, "man, you fucked your own officer up." There is footage of almost the entire raid except for the moment in which Tortuguita was murdered.

There's something shocking about the state-sanctioned murder of a climate activist in the US. Then again. People have been killed by police in this country for less than tree-sitting. Just a week before Tortuguita's death, 29-year-old father, photographer, and skateboarder Tyre Nicholas was beaten to death by five cops after being pulled over at a traffic stop.

When the Georgia State Patrol killed Manuel Teran, they tore down the entire camp. Many Forest Defenders stayed only temporarily in Weelaunee, but others considered it their home. After their tents were slashed, their tree-sits destroyed, the trees bulldozed, their banners ripped down, and their friend murdered, Forest Defenders were forced to abandon their physical occupation of Weelaunee and take their fight to the city streets.

The Atlanta riots that followed Tortuguita's death inspired the city to take a tried-and-true route: round up a few protestors, charge them with domestic terrorism, give them bail exceeding $300,000, and see who's still got the nerve to keep smashing bank windows. Fear is just another one of their weapons, no less effective than rubber bullets and tear gas. Maybe much more effective. Personally, the lack of autonomy that comes with imprisonment is my biggest fear. And who isn't scared of dying? So the state leverages these fears to dissuade us from radical protest, just like it generates an artificial distrust in us of all potential comrades: women, people of color, people living in poverty, people living in prison, people living on the streets — in the forests.

A quote from Frank Herbert's "Litany Against Fear" has been circulating on social media and around Weelaunee: "Fear is the mind killer." Apparently, Tortuguita referenced it once or twice. As I made my way around Atlanta on the MARTA, as I walked through the Weelaunee Forest, and as I talked to different people in the city, I thought a lot about fear. When I felt it, and when I didn't, and what kind of power it held over me. *Fear is the mind killer.* I don't think the quote means that it is wrong to feel fear. I think it means that fear is used to prevent revolutionary thought. But in Atlanta, I realized something wonderful and unsurprising: it goes the other way, too. Thinking revolutionary thoughts rewires your fears. Walking around the city, I felt safest in "sketchy" neighborhoods, on the

STOP CØP BLOCK!

By Imma Gene

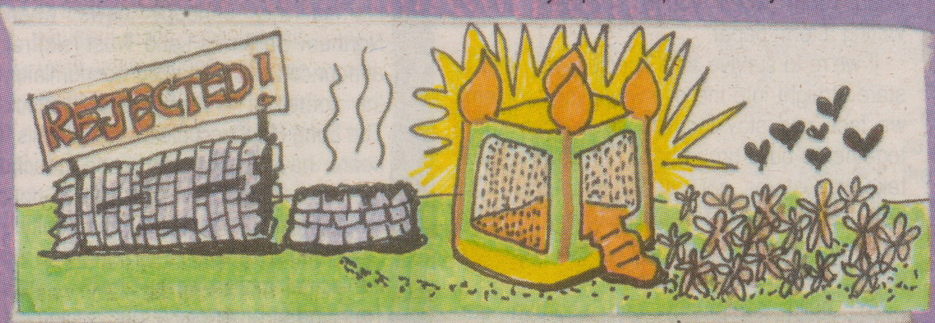
Inspired and informed by the Stop Cop City movement in Atlanta, a grassroots coalition in Winona, MN was able to save their town's recreation center from being replaced by a three-story police/fire complex after months of organizing culminating in September, 2022.

Community Not Cages (CNC) is a consensus-based, horizontal community network of artists, students, researchers, teachers, parents, and dreamers. We have built mutual aid sites at reclaimed spaces, like the site of a county jail, and have committed to public research for the purpose of political education and to demand investment in our community and divestment from the prison industrial complex. Winona has a population of ~27,000, and its governance will not stop prioritizing carceral visions. Cops in our schools, a jail, a juvenile detention center, and a new police station are all priorities that have been met by our neighbors with resistance. Community Not Cages is a primarily working class femme and mother-centered network that aims to build narratives around abolition. In 2020, in coalition with other racial justice organizers, we removed cops from schools. In 2021, we stopped plans for a regional juvenile detention center, planned for construction alongside the 98-bed jail (panopticon). We hope that our most recent rural abolitionist win to stop cop block motivates other small-town abolitionist communities to attempt similar feats.

Stop Cop Block: A Timeline of Resistance

In February 2022, after the city council unveiled a plan to build an overpriced new police station, CNC hosted a "People's Public Comment" event on the steps of city hall with more than sixty community members. This direct action was necessary, because public comment was not allowed at city council meetings at that time. The key demands at the People's Public Comment were:

- An Alternative Response Team (ART);
- Affordable housing NOW;
- Keep cops out of community centers.



The multi-million dollar project would have demolished our town's only free rec center in a working class neighborhood and replaced it with a three-story police/fire complex, with a gun range, a gym, and indoor parking for the Winona Sheriff and WPD's Mine Resistant Armored Vehicle (MRAP). Cop block was branded by the city as a "public safety" building, and simultaneously we had to contend with the local nonprofit industrial complex's liberal reformism, which manifested in tone-policing of righteous anger and cooptation of movement language. CNC reminded our neighbors that the rec center is already a place of public safety. The rec is the only free, indoor space for children, making it an integral resource for working families. It also hosts the winter farmers market, vaccine clinics, youth and adult sports, and other programming. It acts as an emergency shelter, and it maintains a space for community gardens. Preserving this space and keeping cops out was a win for our collective care!

The most historic moment of this fight was the July 5th, 2022 public hearing. Despite an attempt by some city council members to discourage attendance by scheduling the hearing directly after a holiday, more than 200 people showed up at city hall, filling the council chambers and spilling out into the hallway. During the almost three hours of public comment, 68 testimonies were made to save the rec, while only three supported the proposal. Children, moms, grandmas, farmers, teachers, and artists spoke truth to power.

Throughout the summer, we hosted multiple pop-up community events. Members of our community shared food and educated neighbors about the campaign to stop cop block and save the rec. Nearly 150 community members were fed this summer, and together we dreamed up a people's budget! After this sustained pressure and solidarity, we stopped cop block in September 2022.

Community Not Cages is committed to ongoing political education, as the best praxis is grounded in the strategies, wins, and pitfalls of other movements. We learned from the campaign to Stop Cop City in Atlanta, GA, which provided an analysis of the prison industrial complex's interconnected state violence via policing, militarism, and settler colonial environmental injustices. Stop Cop City and defend the Weelaunee Forest in Atlanta.

NOT LIVE IN FEAR

bus at night, and in the Weelaunee Forest as the shadows lengthened, the footsteps of an unknown anarchist echoing in the distance. I felt the most afraid walking down streets lined with American flags, and when talking to guys who looked fratty, and in the presence of police. And it was a triumphant feeling — fearing the genuinely dangerous over the potentially revolutionary — black cats and street loiterers and the number 13.

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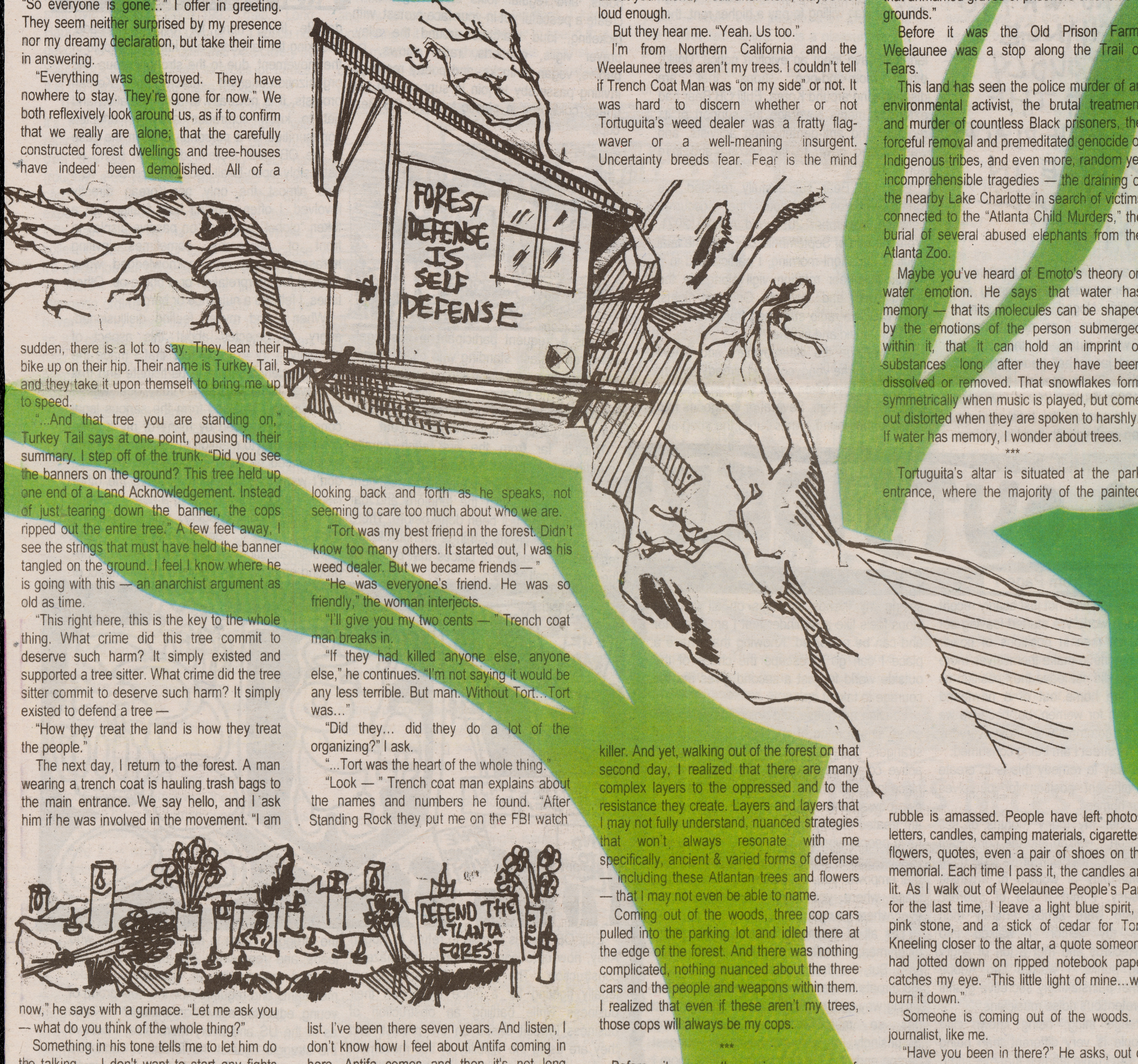
In an attempt to locate the source of the whistling, I step up onto the fallen pine. "Hello?" I call out, slightly tentatively. In the remaining light, I see them dismount their bike and turn in my direction. "Hey," they say, slowly weaving between trees to reach me.

"So everyone is gone..." I offer in greeting. They seem neither surprised by my presence nor my dreamy declaration, but take their time in answering.

"Everything was destroyed. They have nowhere to stay. They're gone for now." We both reflexively look around us, as if to confirm that we really are alone; that the carefully constructed forest dwellings and tree-houses have indeed been demolished. All of a sudden, there is a lot to say. They lean their bike up on their hip. Their name is Turkey Tail, and they take it upon themself to bring me up to speed.

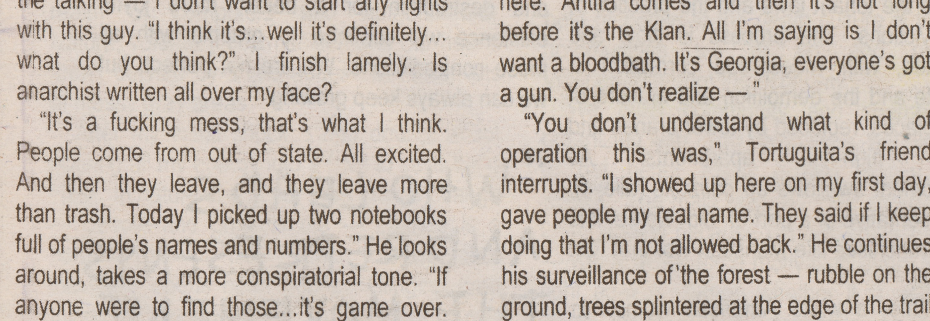

FOREST DEFENSE IS SELF DEFENSE

"...And that tree you are standing on," Turkey Tail says at one point, pausing in their summary. I step off of the trunk. "Did you see the banners on the ground? This tree held up one end of a Land Acknowledgement. Instead of just tearing down the banner, the cops ripped out the entire tree." A few feet away, I see the strings that must have held the banner tangled on the ground. I feel I know where he is going with this — an anarchist argument as old as time.

"This right here, this is the key to the whole thing. What crime did this tree commit to deserve such harm? It simply existed and supported a tree sitter. What crime did the tree sitter commit to deserve such harm? It simply existed to defend a tree —

"How they treat the land is how they treat the people."

The next day, I return to the forest. A man wearing a trench coat is hauling trash bags to the main entrance. We say hello, and I ask him if he was involved in the movement. "I am now," he says with a grimace. "Let me ask you — what do you think of the whole thing?"



Something in his tone tells me to let him do the talking — I don't want to start any fights with this guy. "I think it's...well it's definitely... what do you think?" I finish lamely. Is anarchist written all over my face?

"It's a fucking mess, that's what I think. People come from out of state. All excited. And then they leave, and they leave more than trash. Today I picked up two notebooks full of people's names and numbers." He looks around, takes a more conspiratorial tone. "If anyone were to find those...it's game over. Game over."

I think I know what he's saying, but I still can't tell whose side he's on. Before I can respond, though, someone is hollering at us. I jump — from the distance, he looks like a frat boy: short hair and backwards hat — and it's the first time I felt afraid since arriving. But then he's walking toward us with his hands held up in surrender.

"Friends of Tort? Friends of Tort?" he yells. I nod until I realize he can't see me, and then shout back my affirmation.

"What the fuuuuck!" He stops a few feet away from us. "What the fuck man. This is the first time I've been back since they killed Tort. It's a fucking warzone. No one's down at Space. Have you seen anyone? They tore it all down. This is my wife," he adds, gesturing to the young woman beside him. She looks like she has been crying. He is restless, looking back and forth as he speaks, not seeming to care too much about who we are.

"Tort was my best friend in the forest. Didn't know too many others. It started out, I was his weed dealer. But we became friends — "

"He was everyone's friend. He was so friendly," the woman interjects.

"I'll give you my two cents — " Trench coat man breaks in.

"If they had killed anyone else, anyone else," he continues. "I'm not saying it would be any less terrible. But man. Without Tort...Tort was..."

"Did they... did they do a lot of the organizing?" I ask.

"...Tort was the heart of the whole thing."

"Look — " Trench coat man explains about the names and numbers he found. "After Standing Rock they put me on the FBI watch list. I've been there seven years. And listen, I don't know how I feel about Antifa coming in here. Antifa comes and then it's not long before it's the Klan. All I'm saying is I don't want a bloodbath. It's Georgia, everyone's got a gun. You don't realize — "

"You don't understand what kind of operation this was," Tortuguita's friend interrupts. "I showed up here on my first day, gave people my real name. They said if I keep doing that I'm not allowed back." He continues his surveillance of the forest — rubble on the ground, trees splintered at the edge of the trail — and shakes his head slowly. "It's fucking trashed. But I think some people are still up at OPL..."

"What?" Trench coat and I say in unison. He just looks at us, as if realizing for the first time we never lived in the forest. "Look, I didn't say anything. And we gotta run." The couple turns and continues up the path.

> "**WHAT CRIME** did this tree commit to deserve such harm? It SIMPLY EXISTED & SUPPORTED a TREE SITTER. WHAT CRIME did the treesitter commit to deserve such harm? It simply existed to
> **DEFEND A TRee....**"

We watch them go in silence. "I'm so sorry about your friend," I call after them, maybe not loud enough.

But they hear me. "Yeah. Us too."

I'm from Northern California and the Weelaunee trees aren't my trees. I couldn't tell if Trench Coat Man was "on my side" or not. It was hard to discern whether or not Tortuguita's weed dealer was a fratty flag-waver or a well-meaning insurgent. Uncertainty breeds fear. Fear is the mind killer. And yet, walking out of the forest on that second day, I realized that there are many complex layers to the oppressed and to the resistance they create. Layers and layers that I may not fully understand, nuanced strategies that won't always resonate with me specifically, ancient & varied forms of defense — including these Atlantan trees and flowers — that I may not even be able to name.

Coming out of the woods, three cop cars pulled into the parking lot and idled there at the edge of the forest. And there was nothing complicated, nothing nuanced about the three cars and the people and weapons within them. I realized that even if these aren't my trees, those cops will always be my cops.

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Before it was the crime scene of Tortuguita's murder, the Weelaunee Forest was the site of the "Old Atlanta Prison Farm" — a deceiving title, considering the prison was running into the 1990s. There is very limited information available on the Old Prison Farm, undoubtedly due to an effort on the city's part to gloss over what appears to be a dark history: brutal treatment of prisoners; violent racism; negligence of inmate rights; even multiple prisoners being killed after having to use tetraethyl dithiopyrophosphate — a lethal chemical — as soap. According to the Atlanta Press Collective, there is ample evidence of "systemic abuse, torture, overcrowding, neglect, and racialized violence throughout the prison farm's history, as well as the possibility that unmarked graves of prisoners exist on the grounds."

Before it was the Old Prison Farm, Weelaunee was a stop along the Trail of Tears.

This land has seen the police murder of an environmental activist, the brutal treatment and murder of countless Black prisoners, the forceful removal and premeditated genocide of Indigenous tribes, and even more, random yet incomprehensible tragedies — the draining of the nearby Lake Charlotte in search of victims connected to the "Atlanta Child Murders," the burial of several abused elephants from the Atlanta Zoo.

Maybe you've heard of Emoto's theory on water emotion. He says that water has memory — that its molecules can be shaped by the emotions of the person submerged within it, that it can hold an imprint of substances long after they have been dissolved or removed. That snowflakes form symmetrically when music is played, but come out distorted when they are spoken to harshly. If water has memory, I wonder about trees.

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Tortuguita's altar is situated at the park entrance, where the majority of the painted rubble is amassed. People have left photos, letters, candles, camping materials, cigarettes, flowers, quotes, even a pair of shoes on the memorial. Each time I pass it, the candles are lit. As I walk out of Weelaunee People's Park for the last time, I leave a light blue spirit, a pink stone, and a stick of cedar for Tort. Kneeling closer to the altar, a quote someone had jotted down on ripped notebook paper catches my eye. "This little light of mine...will burn it down."

Someone is coming out of the woods. A journalist, like me.

"Have you been in there?" He asks, out of breath. I nod.

"There's just...owls flying overhead. Owls. What they've done to these people..." His face falls; the writer is lost for words.

As I am nearing the main road, I turn around to get one last glimpse of the forest. I feel I should say something besides for thank you, but all that comes out is, "*and good luck.*"

Thank you — and good luck — and we will do what we can.

Solidarity from Berkeley, CA

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE ALLEYS OF SEOUL

DRINKING BEER AT THE PROTEST

By Ana

I woke up at around 7 a.m. on April 21, 2022, to a flurry of desperate, messages and photos sent frantically to a Korean group chat. They all meant one thing: *yongyeok*, a large company of hired goons, colloquially referred to as *yongyeok gangpae* (gangsters), had descended on a place that i had come to love. This was the long expected sixth and final forced eviction attempt of Eulji OB Bear, the original draft beer pub of Seoul, South Korea.

"THERE IS NO WAY TO CREATE CHANGE WITHOUT LOUDLY RESISTING THE ERASURE OF PLACES THAT PEOPLE IN THE CITY CALL HOME"

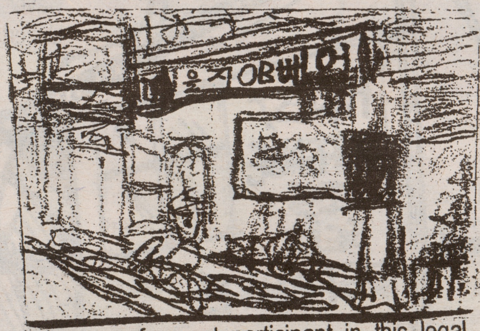
The eviction and franchise pub takeover of Eulji OB Bear represents the beginning and the end of Euljiro Nogari Alley in central Seoul's historic Euljiro 3-ga neighborhood, which along with much of the city is undergoing rapid jaegaebal (redevelopment) and gentrification. Since opening the small, cozy pub in 1980, founder Kang Hyo-geun was committed to serving the local working-class metal shop enclave with fixed low prices. Kang created a unique culture of cold mugs of beer, served with *nogari* (dried pollack) grilled by hand on *yeontan* (coal briquettes) and dipped in the family's special *gochujang* (spicy chili pepper paste) and mayo.

Korea has one of the highest rates of self-employed small business ownership in the OECD, but its laws do not provide eviction protection beyond the first few years. This is how the full-menu franchise pub Manseon Hof came in and capitalized on the growth of this so-called "Hipjiro," gradually monopolizing the alleyway with eleven stores all under the same ownership. Still, they wanted more. Though OB Bear was willing to pay a higher rent, their landlord gave them an eviction notice. Unlike other mom-and-pop shops that are disappearing around Korea, Eulji OB Bear had extensive media coverage the support of its regulars and anti-gentrification activists, and was passed down to the second and third generations..

Eulji OB Bear successfully resisted five forced eviction attempts that occurred between November 2020 and August 2021. From the end of September 2021 until the final eviction that April morning, I participated in a nightly volunteer rotation vigil alongside the young owner and activists. On most nights, there was live radio streamed from inside the pub with music and stories.

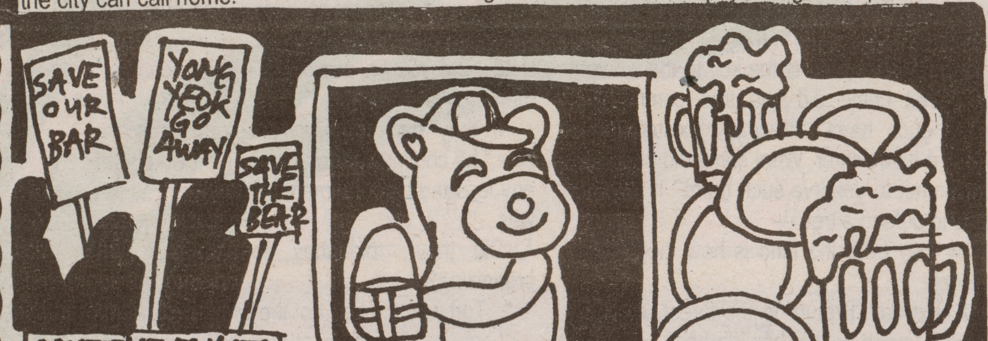
By the time the older owners and others could arrive, the yongyeok had already torn up the interior and taken down the blue-and-red Eulji OB Bear sign. Several of the goons had dragged the young owner out of the shop and threw him on the pavement. The police, who don't intervene in forced evictions, maintained their usual presence as passive bystanders.

Rather than signaling defeat, the eviction ignited the most vivid and unforgettable part of the struggle. By that same night, the street and storage and parking area across from the pub had been transformed into a highly visible, public sustained nightly resistance. From April 21 until the last below-freezing night of November 30, a diverse mix of researchers, progressive Christians, vegan animal rights militants, musicians, artists, poets, and regular folks came together to create a peaceful yet in-your-face protest, with picketing, loud marches around the alley, prayer vigils, concerts, radio shows, DJ parties, vegan potlucks. and poetry readings, inviting passersby to join in support and buy cheap cold beer in plastic take-out OB Bear cups.



I was a frequent participant in this legal, registered protest, standing with picket signs, and engaging with passersby who didn't understand the situation.. Night after night, we faced down drunk bar-goers, some of whom came after us for disrupting their night out.

This is far from the first such on-site squatting-style protest in Seoul but at Eulji OB Bear, there was a particularly unique element of direct standoff with the landlord and bar patrons that had not been done before. There is no way to create change without loudly resisting the erasure of places that people in the city can call home.



Eulji OB Bear is unable to return to Nogari Alley, now unrecognizable under the haze of construction. The owners and activists are legally fighting for a place to reopen their business while battling an obstruction of business lawsuit based on the protest, and they are using the visibility of this movement to change the tenant laws and the practice of forced evictions. The process is slow and complicated, with widespread corruption in real estate and the demolition and erasure of beloved places, replaced by tower cranes and blooming high-rise apartments. As redevelopment swallows up *golmoks* (alleys), the representative of a part of "old" Korea, it is the new franchises like Manseon Hof that get the payout.

As for me, a white American woman in solidarity through the chance invitation of artist activist friends, I continue to support Eulji OB Bear and other such sites of struggle with complicated, mixed feelings. On the one hand, as a former patron of the Manseon franchise and a target demographic for Korean tourist attractions, I feel a deep sense of privilege and honor at being able to participate in a visceral form of resistance. At the same time, despite living here for over a decade, speaking the language and knowing people in the movement, due to the strongly group and organization-oriented nature of Korean protests, it is not easy to avoid isolation and get to know comrades and the affected communities on a personal level. In the case of the OB Bear protest, despite it being an ostensibly open-to-all. no-barrier space, as I was almost the only non-Korean directly involved, I often couldn't help feeling like a token "global" presence on passive display in front of passersby, sometimes inviting harassment, yet only acknowledged when needed for interpretation or a photo-op. Other times, I felt like a nuisance or burden.

When I find myself feeling disillusioned, angry, or dejected about this aspect of solidarity, I try to remember that I made the full, conscience choice to participate and that whatever inconveniences I may deal with, I am ultimately shielded from the serious legal consequences faced by many of my Korean comrades, not to mention the repeated trauma experienced by them and the evictees. Yet I don't want to completely disregard the other issues I encounter, including a heavy reliance on social media imagery, with a creeping sense of dehumanization and depersonalization of the very real on-the-ground emotional and psychological impact of the struggle. There is also the question: who leads and represents the movement? The affected community of non-activist, older merchants and regulars? Or the new group of young, educated activist organizers? In Korea as in the US and everywhere else, I believe the struggle against the forces of capitalism and destruction for a better, more joyful existence will continue to grapple with all these contradictions. We are not perfect, but we can always keep growing.

"WHO LEADS AND REPRESENTS THE MOVEMENT ?"

GO OUTSIDE!!!

Continued from Page 1

domestic sphere. It was not just scarily recent but also through work. We started leaving our houses because men in positions of power saw us as a means to make themselves more money. Women did not leave their position as the head of the home out of a newfound respect men had for women, but because we were seen as a commodity. So now everyday I walk down the street I am being consumed.

I think the way to remedy this is to create an enitrely different position for ourselves outside of our homes.

One day after my many months of self afflicted isolation, I walked into the Long Haul Infoshop. I was not met with arms wide open or by a community of women or anything simple or easy. I met a ton of neurotic anarchists who were almost entirely men many years my senior. I walked into Thrillhouse Records and met a ton of angry chainsmoking punks. I walked into Adobe Books and met painstakingly secretive graffiti artists and pretentious noise musicians.

Its a strange thing, being known and knowing people is very different than being their friends. But I have learned that meeting a group of people at one of these community spaces and learning their names, asking about their lives; you will suddenly be invited to all of their projects, shows, or art parties. Artists and people who work in mutual aid need people to support them and also to help them do cool shit. Say yes and show up, be courteous, don't cause drama and these people will love you and want to support you because you supported them.

Walking around in public is suddenly a bit less scary when there is a chance of seeing a familiar face. Coming home late at night and seeing my friends scribbles on all the bus stops feels like a reminder that I am cared for and can be protected. Knowing that I have a place I can go to escape the chaos of the outside world for just a second gives me the courage to take it on.

Leaving my house and doing the scary, yet oh so simple thing of speaking to a couple of strangers gave me the ability to become an active community member. This gives me a place in public where I am respected, have my own power, and can be unafraid. And when I am treated terribly by men in these spaces, I have people who back me up. When you find spaces outside of your or your friends homes that empower you, eventually you will get to a place where you simply are empowered everywhere you go.

Yes all of these places are crawling with older men, I totally can't stand it half of the time. But, the dream of a girl gang that slits the throats of men who dare to look at us the wrong way isn't coming true fast enough (and has so much potential for terfdom). Surprisingly, I have found, being the youngest person and also the only woman in the room I am able to hold quite a bit of power. So I am asking you, reader, if you are currently locking yourself away from the outside world out of fear of harassment please come outside. Find communities to be a part of that will offer you the respect and empowerment you deserve. The more of you who answer my call the less space older entitled men will have at these places. It is hard work to turn a strange place into a known one but I promise it is worth it.

I hope to see you sometime! Maybe at a record store, the library, or maybe just walking down the street.

INVISIBLE DISABILITY

By Jacque Cormier

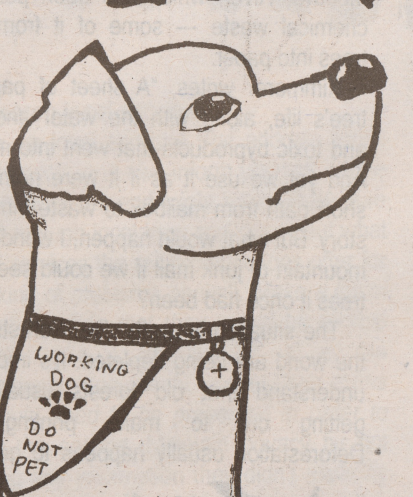
Service dogs are like vitamins. They are not federally regulated, and not covered by insurance even when deemed necessary by a medical professional. But the role they play is crucial and many people rely on them to live. Here's a personal example:

In my late 30's I became too sick to care for myself and it became increasingly impossible for me to go out in public. So, I went to a doctor and had a lot of tests done before my doctors discovered that I was iron, D3 and B12 deficient. To alleviate these symptoms that prevented me from being able to live a healthy life, because yes...anemia can kill you and does kill Americans every year, they prescribed vitamins. My insurance, like most, doesn't cover these vitamins that I need to live, even with the blood work from my doctor proving that I need them. The lack of federal regulation on vitamins, also means that the companies who make them have a lot of leeway for the quality and cost of their products. So yes, I could conceivably take an iron supplement, that I need to live, that my doctor prescribes, that doesn't contain any iron and I will have to pay an unregulated amount of money for.

This article, isn't about vitamins. It's about expanding our knowledge of service dogs and their value in our beautifully diverse human society. But I would like you to keep my vitamin example in your mind as I move forward.

Because like my anemia many disabilities are not visible. And despite most of the media portrayals of service dogs being golden labs guiding an obviously impaired individual, many service tasks do not require that the dog be large. Examples include dogs that monitor blood sugar levels, heart rate, alert to allergens or can sense an oncoming seizure. Service training also does not require that the dog be a specific breed. The ADA specifically states that service dogs cannot be discriminated against based on their breed. The dogs' breed and size is often chosen to fit the lifestyle of their handler and the nature of their work.

I am a small person, I drive a small car, ride a small folding bicycle and often travel for work.



My new service dog is small, shocking I know. It is also easier for him to do his job if he is carried. This gives him access to my face, and prevents him from being stepped on, petted, or distracted by the well-meaning but uninformed public. Yes, he is still a service animal in a sweater, because it's snowing. And yes, he was still a service animal when his leg was in a splint. Being a service animal doesn't make him invincible, and he may need eye protection or foot coverings to do his job. Wearing these things in public, even if you think it's cute, doesn't mean he is not a 'real' service dog. Please let go of the idea that a service dog must look or do a certain thing for the handler's disability to be real and valid. And please stop looking for an excuse to call out 'fake service animals.' And please, please, I do not want to have a conversation with my cashier that my service dog is 'just doing it for the treat.'

I just want to buy my gluten free quick oats and leave.

Another misconception is that service animals work for free. People and animals don't work like programs in hacker movies. There is no montage scene where we tweak the code and once done, it provides predictable output forever. The nature of service training is that it is unique to the handler's needs and is ongoing. Successful execution of training needs or be marked to communicate to the animal that it is desirable and so the animal will continue to do the job.

This is the long way to say yes, it is appropriate for a service animal, in public, that has just performed its task, that you probably didn't recognize it did, to be treated or praised. Hugging my service animal in public does not mean he is not a real service animal.

To most of the public, both my disability and my service animal's job is invisible.

If I take my iron supplement, my blood tests do not show that I am anemic. This is literally why I take them.

If my service dog is doing his job, then I do not appear disabled.

This is the entire nature of our relationship and why I have dedicated so much of my time and money into his training. I do not want to be disabled; I do not want to be prohibited from living an independent life. The tasks of many service dogs follow this invisible example, and the public blithely assumes the animal is not working. Or that it is a pet that I have cheekily snuck in. Here's another personal example:

In my late 30's I became too sick to care for myself and it became impossible for me to go out in public. So, I went to a whole lot of doctors, and did a bunch of tests before my doctors discovered the names for my disabilities. This took three years. To alleviate the symptoms that were preventing me from being able to live a healthy life, because yes undiagnosed mental illness can kill you and does in fact, kill a lot of Americans every year, they made a treatment plan for me that included medication and the support of a service animal. My insurance, like most, doesn't cover the costs of a service animal, even with years' worth of data and studies proving the efficacy of service dogs for my disability. The lack of federal regulation on service dogs and their training means that the companies that train them have a lot of leeway for the quality and price of their products. So yes, I could conceivably pay upwards of $50k, for the trained service dog, that I need to live a functional independent life, that my doctors prove I need but to you its 'just a pet'.

It's also 'just a vitamin', but without access to it, federal regulation or not, many people, many Americans, die every year.

No one disputes my anemia when I'm in the Whole Foods buying wheat free vegan vitamins imported from Germany out of pocket. So why is my not-a-golden-retriever service dog so hard to swallow?

Most shoppers would not notice if my heart rate increased or if my breathing became quick and shallow or if I started to perspire or disassociate from my surroundings. Because I have not yet fainted or vomited, they assume I am fine. They also assume that, when my dog licks my nose or jumps up to put a paw on my leg, that he is being poorly behaved. And yet another uncharitable assumption is that, when I mark this behavior, that has just saved me from a public incident, with a treat or praise that he is 'a spoiled dog.' Comments along this theme are precisely why we do not see more service animals in public spaces. The constant micro-aggressions that accompany having a not yellow lab in a guide harness style service dog actively prohibit disabled people from public spaces in the same way that failing to provide wheelchair accessible bathrooms and entranceways do.

Let's change this.

Because, like our neuro-typical counter parts, we deserve to hate shopping for all the regular reasons.

Let's update our perception and validity of service dogs.

WHERE'S MY DADDY?

By Eric Finley #C09900

"Where's My Daddy?"

"He's gone to prison."

These words are a precursor to the destruction of yet another American family unit by the meat grinder that is our criminal justice system. While innocent children fall to the wayside in the wake of this incarceration machine, they become collateral damage in a way we are losing as a society.

Welcome to the front lines of America's war on crime. It is a battlefield littered with confused and lonely children, who have lost one or both of their primary caregivers.

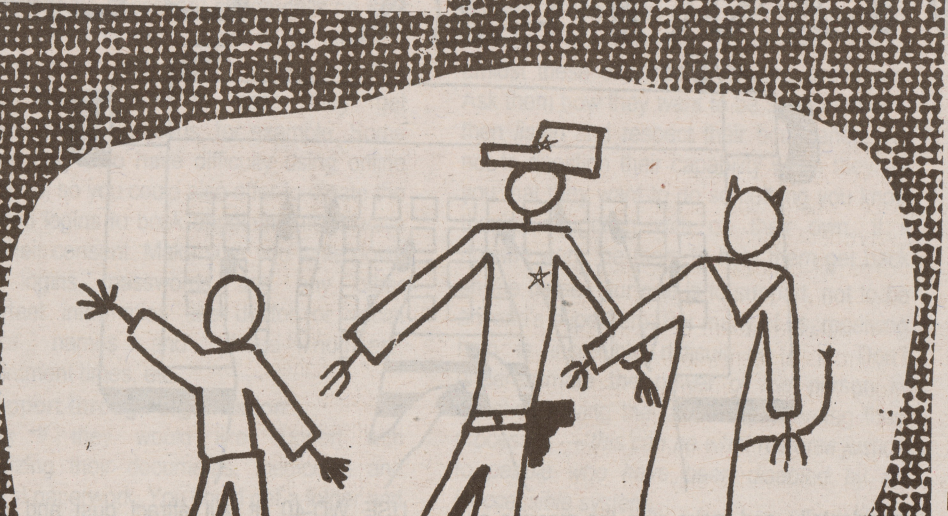
In my own lifetime, I've been both a victim of this process as a child, and a perpetrator of it as an adult. At four months of age, I permanently lost my mother when the criminal justice system took her away and I became a ward of the state. On January 16, 1990, my own three month old son was harnessed with a similar fate when federal agents arrived at our home with my freshly minted marijuana trafficking indictment. My son and I have not seen each other since that cold morning.

This issue was brought sharply into focus for me recently when a man I barely know approached me with a humble request for help.

Antonio is about my age, and his metal bunk is within sight of mine. I watched him push his walker toward me, and I was surprised when he stopped next to me and remarked, "I see you spend most of your time writing." He hesitated for a moment, then he added, "I can't write very well because I shake so much."

Antonio then pointed to the manuscript I was working on, and he told me, "You must be good at saying things on paper."

I smiled at this compliment, then I listened as Antonio went on to tell me about his wife passing away, leaving him alone with two young children to care for. At that time, Antonio was already disabled from a gunshot wound he sustained earlier in life.



As a single Black parent, he managed to care for these two children for roughly a year before becoming ensnared in our criminal justice system.

Antonio received an eight year sentence, and his children became wards of the state. Now, after more than a year spent fighting the courts, he's just been granted the right to correspond with his children.

He shared all of this very personal information with me, then he was humble enough to look directly at me and say, "I'm not very good at writing, and my hands shake really bad, so could you help me write a letter to my kids?"

enough to look directly at me and say, "I'm not very good at writing, and my hands shake really bad, so could you help me write a letter to my kids?"

This man impressed me with his straight forward request for assistance, so together we created a nice letter for his two children. With the aid of the Lutheran Services Organization, the letter went to the kids.

The determination and bravery of this man has given me the inspiration to attempt locating my own son, a process made nearly impossible by a lack of funds, access to public records, or social media outlets. Many inmates like myself have no outside contacts or family, further hampering these types of efforts. I have not been able to locate a single organization willing to help.

Children of all races and ages are victimized by a cold and efficient incarceration machine that infects our society generation after generation.

Minorities are particularly victimized by this process. Once a family becomes caught in this repeating cycle of incarceration and abandonment, our dysfunctional criminal justice system just keeps grinding them up.

This means there is a very good chance my son will be incarcerated, if and when I find him. And he may have children.

From where I now sit, we cannot bring about any change, and the madness continues, unchecked...

Write the author at Eric Finley #C09900 19000 SW 377th St. Florida City, FL 33034

ABOLISH TONER

Continued from Page 1

transferred to the page. The plastic is then 'fused' to the paper under intense heat. There is no ink, just tiny pieces of plastic which get melted into the paper.

Working in the copy industry for years will expose you to the negative effects of toner. The plastic particles are so small they can cross biological membranes, and studies show prolonged exposure can cause lung problems. When the particles don't properly fuse, or need to be rinsed off hands, clothes, or floors, they can enter the water supply. We should be composting many of our paper products, but if they're printed with toner, I worry about the microplastics entering the soil.

Toner machines are energy-hungry, needing to constantly generate heat for the fusing process. And they are designed for short lifespans, often leased to the copy store bosses, constantly requiring replacements of cheaply made parts.

Unfortunately, this technology has been thoroughly greenwashed by the printing industry — mainly because it requires less water and generates less waste paper than certain types of offset printing. I work with these digital presses at one of my jobs. My co-workers are sometimes surprised to learn what that funky burning smell is. The technicians, many near retirement, grumble over the way these new machines burn through parts. Meanwhile, the bosses tell the customers our operation is as green as it gets.

Unlike digital copiers, Riso machines use real ink. The inks have three parts: oil, water, and pigment. The oil – made from rice bran – carries the pigment into the paper fibers, and the ink "dries" simply as the water evaporates from the page. Rather than using CMYK inks, you can pick from a series of brilliant ink colors – some of which are far brighter than those possible with color copiers.

You can probably create a radical print shop, if your neighborhood needs one. It takes some money to buy equipment and supplies. With creative sourcing, you might be able to pick up a free or cheap printing device locally — perhaps from a school or office that's closing or upgrading. Purchase prices for a used machine tend to range from $500-5,000. Make sure the model is still supported by the company, so ink and other supplies will be readily available for years to come. You can get this information by contacting a local dealer as a prospective customer. If the Riso duplicators don't meet your needs, maybe you'll consider different printing technology, like an offset duplicator or inkjet.

The biggest hassle and expense by far is finding paper. Most of our printing paper now comes from re-use/junk stores, of which we have several in the Bay Area. We've also been lucky with getting many cases from a bankrupt print shop, government surplus auctions, and a truckload saved from the dump by clever scavenging. A recent visitor from the Unter/Druck print project in Germany says they have also had good success finding paper in bulk from defunct print shops.

Paper has become very expensive. In recent years, the paper industry has consolidated rapidly, much of it into the hands of an awful conglomerate called APP Sinar Mas, which is notorious for clear-cutting Indonesian land. Greenpeace recently revealed that Sinar Mas was secretly behind the purchase of Domtar, North America's biggest paper manufacturer.

I wanted to check out a paper mill for this article, but all the mills that once made printing paper in the Bay Area have shut down. Of two defunct mills close by, one is now a police station and jail; the other is a parking lot for limousines.

In *Braiding Sweetgrass,* Robin Wall Kimmerer walks the polluted banks of the Mohawk River, which has been polluted by chemical waste — some of it from turning trees into paper.

Kimmerer writes, "A sheet of paper is a tree's life, along with the water and energy and toxic byproducts that went into making it. And yet we use it as if it were nothing. The short path from mailbox to waste bin tells the story. But what would happen, I wonder, to the mountain of junk mail if we could see in it the trees it once had been?"

The situation is pretty dire. Forests around the world are being depleted. It's important to understand that old forests usually aren't getting cut to make printing paper. Deforestation usually happens to get lumber for building, or to open the land to other uses like agriculture, mining, suburbs and cities. Once the forest is gone, that land — once biodiverse and wild with life — sometimes gets converted into paper tree plantations where only a few trees are grown: pine, fir, poplar, birch.

At the mill, logs are converted into fiber and bleached. Many pounds of chlorine, ammonia, lead, and other toxins are released each year to create consistent, smooth, and white sheets by the pallet load. That's because making good paper from trees is challenging. In other papermaking traditions, paper is made from rice, cotton, flax, and all sorts of other plants.

If buying new paper, I would encourage you to look for paper certified under a scheme called Forest Sustainability Council (FSC). It's far from perfect, but it's better than paper which is untraceable or certified by the logging industry's knock-off (SFI). Recycled paper remains elusive (and expensive) in the formats we use.

Our collective fight for survival depends on overturning capitalism and reversing deforestation. Print is one of the most powerful tools we have to reach people and make the case for change and a new type of society, outside the endless grids of social media. Billionaires and their corporations control the infrastructure of content delivery. There's no way to graffiti over a newsfeed or throw stickers up on a banking app. But in the real world, we still have the ability wheat-paste any underpass or lonely ATM. I've enjoyed making quick posters for actions, events, or to get information out to algorithm-saddled college students. I'm still hopeful we can overthrow this bullshit system in my lifetime. I hope others will find ways to educate and organize against systems of hierarchy and control.

Write to Reprographixxx Print Room c/o Long Haul. 3124 Shattuck Ave, Berkeley CA 94705 or baygraphix@protonmail.com

SOURCES FOR CLAIMS ABOUT TONER:

"Oxidative stress and inflammatory response to printer toner particles in human epithelial A549 lung cells" pubmed.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/23201440/

"Capture and characterisation of microplastics printed on paper via laser printer's toners" pubmed.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/34020184/

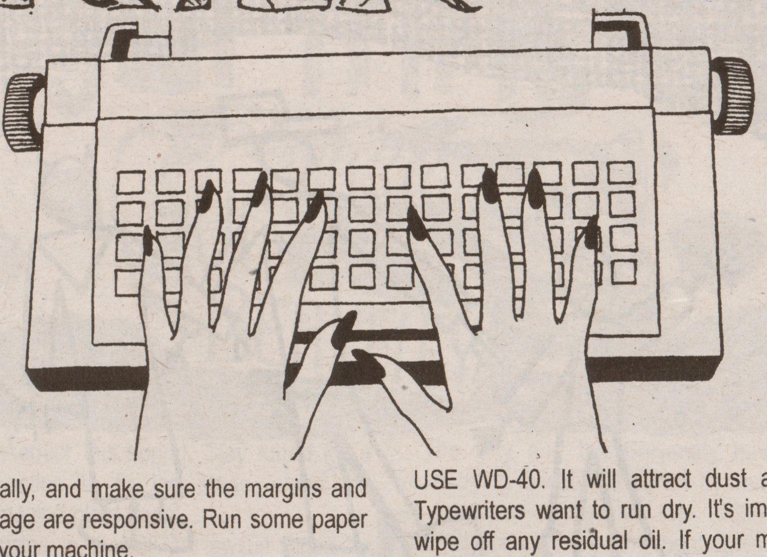
"Toner can cause critical contamination once it enters the soil. Therefore, this focus is directed towards that how to control and deal with such a large amount of potential discarded toner particles"

"Controlling measures of micro-plastic and nano pollutants: A short review of disposing waste toners" pubmed.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/29859943/

"Chronic upper airway and systemic inflammation from copier emitted particles in healthy operators at six Singaporean workplaces" pubmed.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/35559961/

TYPEWRITER BUSKING

By Jon D Rapp



You know about the typewriter saints? They sit on the corner with a typewriter and a sign, "Poetry for sale". What does this mean? Poetry is changing. It seems that a lot of pedestrians would rather spend $5-$10 on a personal poem rather than buy an entire book of poetry. This is great! It gives you, the troubadour scribe, an opportunity to delve into spontaneity. Channel something unique; it's part improvisation, part performance art.

If you're any good at it, it's a great way to turn words into bread.

How does one develop this ability? I started out writing anonymous love letters to strangers who inspired me. I would hand it to them and gauge the response. This helped me develop courage and wit. I spent time at open mics delivering improvised stories and poetry. I practiced for many years before I found my first typewriter.

On finding a typewriter:

Test the keys. "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog" is one way to use all the letters in the alphabet. Make sure you check all the keys, whether they skip or space accidentally, and make sure the margins and the carriage are responsive. Run some paper through your machine.

You'll likely need to replace the ribbon. This is incredibly simple. I've found the best ribbons come from Europe. You want the ink to rub off on your fingers when you touch the ribbon. It should print dark.

Clean your machine. Use a very thin coating of gun oil or sewing machine oil and a wire brush to break through any rust. DO NOT USE WD-40. It will attract dust and gunk. Typewriters want to run dry. It's important to wipe off any residual oil. If your machine is jammed up from debris, dirt, and too much oil, use mineral oil and wire brushes (I use bore brushes) to clean it out.

On writing and busking:

Talent is not exceptional. Dispose of the mentality of over-night prodigies. Persistence is far more important than skill. Persistence creates skill.

Figure out your costume. Bring a tip jar, a chair, a TV tray, sharpie, signage, tape, scissors. I like to type on all kinds of stuff. Money, paper bags, etc. Experiment with your medium!

Find a busy intersection where musicians like to busk. Ask if they don't mind you setting up nearby. I consider the typewriter to be a percussion instrument. Who knows, you may be invited to jam with the musicians! Typewriter saints and the musical buskers are often welcome companions.

Relax. Be flexible. Some people may want a therapy session. They might want help writing a difficult letter to a relative. Keep a list handy, for each commissioned poem. Take pictures of them for your portfolio, if you want. Try not to spend more than 10 minutes on each poem if you have a long line.

Be patient. Some days you'll make some money, other days you're just writing letters to yourself. Keep busy typing. The sound of typing will attract interest. Have fun! It's never about the money but we all gotta eat.

For more typewriter busking inspiration:
IG @rogueXwriters

CATASTROPHIC CONSEQUENCES

CHAOS & CAPITALISM PUMMELS PAKISTAN

By DD

Environmental disaster hit Pakistan in August 2022 when floods and heavy monsoons devastated the country and its people. Now, months after the news has filtered out of most press, public discussions, and social media, the effects of the catastrophe remain.

With so much going on in the world every day and a stream of new information constantly being fed to us, it can be hard to keep past events in mind. I worry that this incessant consumption of news may serve more to fuel desensitization and a sense of normalization when new catastrophes hit. So, I find value in looking at events that are considered to be old and recognizing how these events have long-lasting effects and reflect broader themes about society.

Pakistan experiences flooding annually, however the extent of this past year's flooding was at an unprecedented scale. During the height of the floods, 70% of the country was submerged under water. Smaller villages along the Indus River have been most impacted, and 33 million people were displaced from their homes. Fleeing from their destroyed homes, people lived in tents or unsanitary makeshift houses that allowed diseases to develop and spread. Malaria, dengue, typhoid, and skin diseases from trekking through dirty and contaminated water infected many and further raised the death toll. Pakistan is primarily an agricultural country, and the floods washing away 45% of its agricultural land has led to massive food shortages that will continue to have long effects on the country's people and their economy. The intense diseases, starvation, and a severe lack of purified drinking water has caused nearly 2,000 (documented) deaths and over 20 million people in need of humanitarian aid.

Leading up to the floods, the country experienced issues with double-digit inflation, a giant economic recession, unstable political leadership, and housing issues. Maintenance of the drainage systems in Pakistan was of minimal concern. Most infrastructure designed to drain potential flooding were not structurally sound and dated back to the colonial period. The government was focused on repaying debts to overdeveloped countries, and let concerns over potential future issues lag behind on the priority list. Now, the country is likely to face greater debt as it grapples with over $30 billion in losses. The cycle of global poverty continues and the economic issues that left the country more vulnerable to environmental catastrophes have only worsened.

While the foreign aid that has come in from private donors and some governments are necessary at the moment, they are not sustainable solutions to the overall issue this reflects. Our current economic system prides itself on its globalization, but this skewed perspective of a globalized economy and trade merely serves to overdevelop some wealthy countries that are profiting off underdeveloped countries by extracting resources and cheap labor. Exploitative capitalism masquerades under the guise of "free-trade" and encourages us to forget the coercive methods and imperialist tactics that forcibly opened these markets in the first place.

Why does the ideal of globalization not extend to the environmental aspect? Where is international exchange of resources when countries are in need and suffering from the environmental consequences? When profit-driven economic modes of thought dominate, social well-being rarely aligns.

Pakistan, like most other countries in the Global South, has contributed very little to global emissions and industrial policies that pollute and drive climate change forward. Countries in the Global South are often formerly colonized countries that suffered severe exploitation of their natural resources, land, and labor. While imperialism may no longer appear under the same guise, it plays a role in international capitalism. This global wealth disparity reflects itself in issues of environmental degradation. As of 2022, 80% of all global warming emissions originate from the world's 20 largest economies, and the effects of this are often found in the countries with the least economic resources. The Global South functions almost entirely as export economies and benefits the least from global industrialization. Countries in the Global South have provided raw material, resources and cheap labor that are exported to countries in the Global North where consumer goods are branded, marketed, and sold for massive profit. Commercialized goods often find their way back into the Global South to be sold – generating greater profit for overdeveloped countries and perpetuating global inequality.

Normalization of this infiltrates its way into people's minds in the Global North. We see a little infographic on the floods (as with other global disasters), think about how horrible it is, and then swipe forward to see an advertisement on the new clothing sale happening *NOW !* Never mind that those clothes are likely made for pennies by women and children at workhouses with disgraceful and unsafe conditions. Never mind the global inequality that leaves people in the Global South with no other option than working in horrifying conditions. Never mind that Western overproduction and emissions cause great economic and environmental stress on underdeveloped countries. Never mind how industry-made climate change intensifies scorching heat-waves each summer and causes drought and massive loss of crops and human life. Never mind how pollution and poor air quality drive up daily deaths and create society-wide health problems that drastically impact countries with less resources to address these problems.

It is frighteningly easy to disregard the connection between the economy and the environment. We have been socialized to view life in fragments, in our education and in our news outlets. There is a tendency toward separating views of the [economy] and the [environment] and [politics] and [education] and so on. It doesn't help when news is fed to us in tidy and isolated categories. I critique the social media infographics, but I'll admit that those are how I first found out about the floods in Pakistan, as is what happens with most of the news I learn about. Still, if this is our method of receiving information, let it not dictate our habit of consuming information. Do not allow the constant flow of media to result in mindless and desensitized digestion of the world's issues. It is capitalism's consumer culture that drives global economic inequalities, and it is this culture that leaves people placid and indifferent to the clear issues surrounding us. Catastrophes are not meant to be bits of media to be taken at face-value, they are real longer than the duration it remains on your screen, and the effects will persist long into the future. As climate disasters intensify, countries that are economically underdeveloped will likely struggle to combat the impacts. We must maintain persistent social pressure against our unsustainable and inequitable economic system, as well as the environmental degradation it perpetuates. There are alternatives to both the economic systems at hand and the current forms of energy and fuel that exacerbate climate change.

MAKE TELEGRAPH FOR THE PEOPLE BAN CARS

By Jack Meeks

The movement to ban cars on Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley blocked traffic with live music, street art, and lively discussions January 28 to celebrate how life could be without the presence of automobiles. It was a young crowd led by Telegraph for People and there were many discussions about how transportation could work on a non-auto Telegraph with bikes, skateboards, foot powered scooters, walking, running, etc. We also discussed accessibility for all as not everyone is a bike rider, recent trips to mass transit sites such as the new Chinatown light rail in San Francisco, and how much time participants had without driving. The new heroes are the ones who have never actually driven — yes there are some. Another idea is removing parking spaces on the streets. In cities like Dallas and Houston something like 70 percent of urban land is used for parking purposes and cars are not used 95 percent of the time.

The new $7,500 tax credit for electric cars was also discussed. A big strain on the environment is fabrication, operation and destruction of automobiles, whether they be electric or not. Even after cars' lives end, the material continues to pollute our environment. Lead, nickel, and other hazardous materials are in car parts and batteries, which leak into the ground in landfills and junkyards. About a third of US greenhouse emissions comes from transportation sources.

San Francisco has a partial ban on cars on Market Street which prohibits private autos. however public vehicles like taxis are ok — not quite what we are looking for here in Berkeley.

A very small minority of people here in the United Sates live without cars, like 7 percent of the population. Yet it is not just about not having automobiles, it is the safety and quality of life that is gained by *not* having cars on the streets. Clean air, less noise, more people getting exercise walking, no road rage, and perhaps a new sense of community as more of us get to know each other in the neighborhood.

"Cars and Capitalism go together, destroying lives, poisoning the air, and chewing up space, all in the name of profit"

More info telegraphforpeople.com

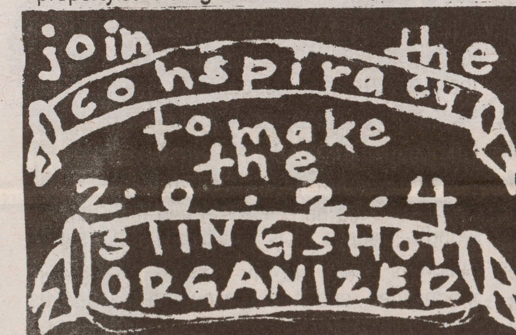
SHELTERS FOR FREAKS

Compiled by Jesse D. Palmer

Building community outside the narrow confines of the internet, consumerism, and alienated labor demands physical space for *face-to-face* interaction — forest camps, ragged artists warehouses, illegal venues, feminist bookstores and cluttered storefronts bursting with books, free piles, bike tools and Food Not Bombs. The good news is that the underground is *thriving* post-Covid — the following list of new spaces we've heard about and updates to the Radical Contact List in the 2023 Slingshot organizer is the largest we've published in years. You wouldn't know it by paying attention to mainstream media, but we may be living in a golden age of counter culture. All these projects are waiting for *you* to walk through their door and put your time and heart into something that matters, not the dying empire. Plugging into something bigger than yourself is what makes life worth living and it's the only path away from isolation and towards connection and love. Please let us know if you hear about spaces we should include. There's even more info on-line at slingshotcollective.org.

P.I.T., The - Brooklyn, NY

A community space, venue and infoshop that sells books and records. P.I.T stands for "property is theft." 411 South 5th Street Brooklyn, NY 11211 347-763-0333 propertyistheft.org



Contact us by April 20 if you want to draw art for the 2024 *Slingshot* Organizer — you do not have to live in California to be a co-conspirator. Around 30 artists from all over contribute to each edition.

Also please send additions and corrections for the radical contact list by May 19. We're especially looking for contacts in under-represented areas, states and countries: cities that are *NOT* college towns particularly in the South and midwest — *anywhere* in Alabama, Hawaii, Mississippi, New Hampshire, Oklahoma, Puerto Rico, South Carolina, West Virginia and Wyoming. Also especially spaces in Africa & the Middle East.

If you want to work on editing and adding to the radical historical dates, reach out between March 13 – April 20. We want to add protests or notable events from 2022 / 2023, older stuff we're missing especially marginalized issues and movements, and we need help proofreading to try to locate and correct errors.

If you are in the Bay Area, join *Slingshot* for two art party weekends to put the organizer together by hand May 20-21 and May 27-28 at Long Haul 3124 Shattuck Avenue, Berkeley. "It's like a 24/7 art rave — but geeky and free." You can drop by for an hour or stay all day.

Selling the organizer enables *Slingshot* to print and distribute this newspaper for free. The 2024 organizer will be available sometime in August. If you know of a store in your area that could sell the organizer, let us know.

We have extra copies of the 2023 big spiral bound organizer — contact us if you can distribute a dozen or more copies for free to youth who wouldn't otherwise have access — particularly in the midwest, south, and other areas outside of the hip urban bubble: slingshotcollective@protonmail.com. We've already sent boxes of free organizers to youth in Florida, Illinois, Louisiana, Minnesota, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota and South Dakota.

If you still want to buy the 2023 organizer, there is a list of bookstores and distributors at slingshotcollective.org.

Community Books - Stone Mountain; GA

A new community book store that aims to bring affordable new, used and radical books to a largely Black working class community that currently has no bookstore. They say that Stone Mountain "is at the center of antiracist struggle in the US south." 978-A Main Street Stone Mountain, GA 30083

Wild Soul River - Williamstown, MA

An abolitionist herbal gathering space and herb / tea / healing store that hosts events. They have three free mutual aid shelves, fentanyl test strips and COVID rapid tests. 248 Cole Ave. Williamstown, MA 01267 413-597-1172 wildsoulriver.com

The Radical Cat - Reno, NV

Feminist bookstore, cat adoption center, and community space that hosts events 1717 S. Wells Ave Reno, NV 89502 775-409-3152 theradicalcat.com

Free Black Women's Library - Brooklyn, NY

A library featuring 4000 books written by Black women, social art project and interactive installation that hosts events. Open 1pm-5pm Weds/Thurs, 1pm-6pm Sat/Sun. 226 Marcus Garvey Blvd, Brooklyn NY 11221 thefreeblackwomenslibrary.com

Source Bookstore - Detroit, MI

Independent bookstore that hosts events. 4240 Cass Ave, #105 Detroit, MI, 48201 313-832-1155 sourcebooksellers.com

Trident Booksellers and Cafe - Boulder, CO

An independent employee-owned bookstore and cafe with Buddhist roots that hosts events. 940 Pearl St. Boulder, CO, 80302 303-443-3133 tridentcafe.com

Solidarity Fridge - Las Vegas, NV

Community refrigerator, pantry, and garden. 5502 E. Blackthorn Dr. Las Vegas, NV 89142

Fallout SF - San Francisco, CA

An underground (literally) radical, collective, punk community art space that hosts events. 50-A Bannam Place San Francisco CA 94133 falloutsf.com

Fluid Cooperative Cafe - San Francisco, CA

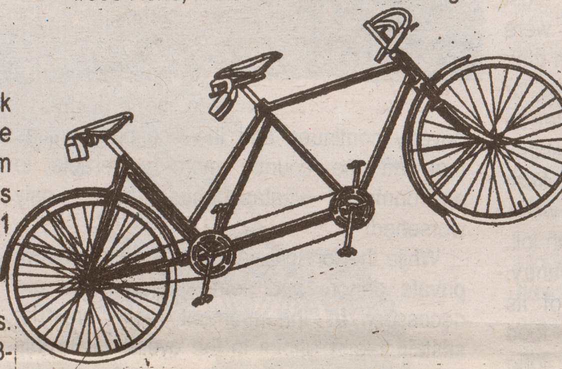
A transgender, non-binary, and gender non-conforming owned cooperative cafe that hosts events. 332 Golden Gate Ave. San Francisco, CA 94102 fluidcoopsf.com

Medicine For Nightmares - San Francisco, CA

A bookstore with radical materials and art gallery that hosts events. 3036 24th St. San Francisco, CA 94110 415-824-1761 medicinefornightmares.com

Wild West Access Fund of Nevada - Reno, NV

A statewide resource for people seeking reproductive health services. Folks can apply for funding if they're seeking an abortion in Nevada. NOT a radical space you can visit but still lovely. P.O Box 561 Keystone Ave #398 Reno, NV 89503 wildwestfund.org



Hella Positive - Oakland, CA

A clothing store that hosts events. 1606 7th St, Oakland, CA 94607 hellapositive.com

Catalyst Social Centre - Melbourne, Australia

A new social center operated by a federation of grassroots collectives with a cafe, radical library and garden that present events. 144-146 Sydney Road Coburg, VIC, 3056 catalystcentre.net

Black Spark Cultural Centre - Melbourne, Australia

A bookshop, gallery and community hub that presents music. Open Wed-Sun 11am-6pm. 235A St. George's Road Northcote, VIC, 3070

Platform C - Seoul, South Korea

A new activist education space. 41 Dongyo-ro, Mapo-gu, Seoul, South Korea

The Queery - Brighton, UK

An independent, volunteer-run, queer radical bookshop and sober community space with a vegan pay-as-you-feel café. 46 George St, Brighton BN2 1RJ, UK. Thequeery.co.uk

Nordpol - Dortmund, Germany

A not for profit and self governed bar and event space. Bronzer. 144 Dortmund nrdpl.org

Rizoma Coop - Lisbon, Portugal

A food co-op grocery store that hosts events. R. José Estêvão 4, 1150-192 Lisboa, Portugal rizomacoop.pt

Centro Documentazione Porfido - Torino, Italy

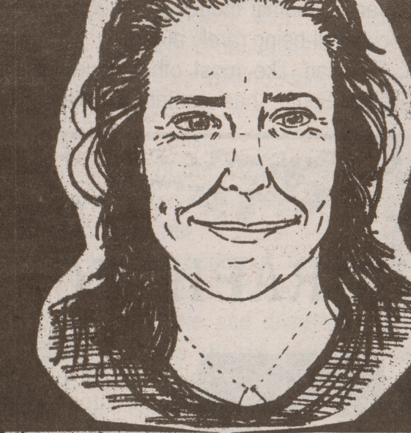
They edit and distribute books, pamphlets and free anti-capitalist texts. They have a library with over 6000 books. "Center for the critique of capitalist society". They also have audiobooks. Via Luigi Tarino, 12, 10124 Torino, Italy porfidotorino.it

Corrections to the 2023 Slingshot Organizer

- Anarres infoshop has re-opened inside Activespace at 1720 NW Lovejoy St, Unit 236, Mailbox 222, Portland OR 97209. Open 2-6 PM Friday and Sunday.
- Oops we left Flemington DIY off the list – the are at 26 Stangl Road Flemington, NJ 08822 856-431-3692 flemingtondiy.org
- Battery Street Jeans got left off - they are at 115 College Ave. Burlington, VT 05401 802-865-6223.
- Dalibom Book in South Korea has lost their space and is online only now.
- Deul Dabang has a new address: 1-131beon-ji Yuri Building 4FDongsung-dong, Jongno-gu, Seoul
- Sai Church in South Korea changed its name to Okbaraji Missionary.
- Songjeong Village Cafe in S. Korea closed.

Jen Angel 1975-2023

By Ryan Fletcher



Beloved long-time social justice activist, anarchist, and owner of Angel Cakes bakery, Jen Angel died on Feb. 9, 2023. Jen passed on after three days on life support following critical injuries in an apparent robbery outside of a bank in Oakland, CA.

For over 30 years, Jen Angel was a visionary influence and pioneering participant within multiple movements and sub-cultures that have significantly informed and shaped our world today. Jen has been a tremendous inspiration to me personally, providing a model of a life well-lived off the beaten track, in pursuit of a new, better and more just world. Ten years ago, we founded an activist media project together.

Her involvement in punk rock and independent publishing in the 1990's helped to codify the DIY ethic that has defined radical sub-culture. This work then fueled the Global Justice and anti-war movements of the early 2000's and infused the anarchist politic that characterized this era of activism and gave way to Occupy Wall Street in 2011. These movements were a catalyzing force behind contemporary fights for racial justice, police abolition, climate justice, economic justice, and queer and gender liberation. Jen, through her projects, passion, and drive has been a throughline in these social movements over decades.

Jen founded the social justice event production organization Aid & Abet. Jen was the co-founder and publisher of *Clamor Magazine*, a bi-monthly alternative magazine published from 1999 to 2006. In 2013 Jen co-founded Agency: an Anarchist PR Project, which promotes anarchist ideas to the public through commentary, media relations, and educational campaigns. Following media relations work we did together during the Occupy movement, Jen and I teamed up and created Agency. The mission and infrastructure she made possible continues to endure. The project marks its 10th anniversary this year.

Anarchism was especially important to Jen, as was anarchist publishing. She was a PM Press author and part of the organizing collective for the Bay Area Anarchist Bookfair for many years. She was involved in planning the 2023 book fair at the time of her passing.

As an anarchist, Jen did not believe in state violence, carceral punishment, or incarceration as an effective or just solution to social violence and inequity. This message has been a core part of our work, as Jen's family and friends, to respond to media interest in her life, and the circumstances that led to death — especially because her case has been classified as a homicide. The outpouring of mutual aid, solidarity, and care for Jen, her family, and friends is a resounding demonstration of the values Jen believed in.

If the Oakland Police Department does make an arrest in her case, the family is committed to pursuing all available alternatives to traditional prosecution, such as restorative justice. This is what Jen believed in. It's critical that stories referencing Jen's life should not further inflame narratives of fear, hatred, and vengeance. Jen opposed the use of public resources for policing, incarceration, and other forms of state violence that only perpetuate the cycles of violence that resulted in her death.

Jen believed in a world where everyone can live a dignified and joyful life and worked toward an ecologically sustainable and deeply participatory society in which all people have access to the things they need, decisions are made by those most directly affected by them, and all people are free and equal.

Jen Angel's legacy is one that contains multitudes, among them was a deep commitment to safety and dignity for everyone. Rest in power, dear friend.

THE LUNATIC FRINGE OF LITERATURE

By Jose Fritz

Oh here we go again. Independent publishers send us their work for you to discover. Consider making your own "zine" to trade them and send us a copy.

Big Builder

amorphouspieces.bigcartel.com/
Mock Duck Press - $3

This is more of a best-of collection than a true zine. But the juxtaposition of era-correct advertisements and quality articles made it irresistible. I had flashbacks to both the beginning of Melvins and the end of Squirrel Bait over the course of 64 pages. There's a nice undercurrent of noisy sludgy music content with bands like Shellac, The Jesus Lizard, Killdozer and No Means No, all sporting lengthy interviews.

The varied source material (Kill Everyone Now, Forced Exposure, Dissent, Kerrang!, Skateboard etc.) does lead to a somewhat inconsistent formatting and style. But the project was worth doing. These pieces shouldn't be lost in the garage, buried at the bottom of a milk crate, underneath moldy mic cables. Any modification of the original works would have lost something in translation, time traveling between now and the late-1980s.

I do have open questions about the copyright issues inherent in this kind of compilation... but oh well. Be gay, do crime?

NXOEED
#2
$5
FLUKE PUBLISHING

NXOEED #2

40 pages - $5
PO Box 1547
Phoenix, AZ. 85001
fluke.bigcartel.com/category/nxoeed

Do you need any spare monsters? I can probably provide some direction here. NXOEED goes back to the very beginning of Fluke Publishing. I see his work online often. If not here, then you probably saw his work in NXOEED #1, MNRL CVLT Field Report or Miscreant to name a few. This new issue of NXOEED does away with the journaling and provides even more beasts and fonts. It's 100% content and 100% on message.

It's been rephrased often but I think the original line is from *The Prince of Tides,* where author Pat Conroy wrote "Monsters are people too." Few other monsters have been shared so widely. Ed "Big Daddy" Roth comes to mind. He propagated the Rat Fink onto T-shirts, plastic toys, album covers but he kept the Ratfink trademarked and inside his castle walls.

NXOEED's creations are truly free range monsters out wandering the prairie and country roads. You can make buttons, stickers, patches, album covers and re-use them in virtually any way. They're all free to use in any way except NFTs. Those are monstrous in a totally different way.

Let Me Put My Pants On

etsy.com/shop/aBookof3
Anonymous - $22 (set of 3)

This is not one zine but one in a set of three zines: Let Me Put My Pants On, All The People I've Peed With, and Thread Direction is For Ass Holes. It's an epic first-person, perzine and runs for about 150 pages across the three volumes. We are into novella territory here.

I read all three straight through and found it riveting. The author is anonymous for most of the run but concedes the nickname "teenage Boy" in part 2, and then to the name Lisa in part 3. Whatever her real name is, she's a crust punk and these zines tell the story of her travels, her friends, allies, enemies, lucky breaks and epic failures.

Most americans live in what Henry Miller called the air-conditioned nightmare. Very few people ride the rails this way anymore and she doesn't pretty it up. The story is complete with all the mud stains, bruises and cigarette holes. It's like Tom Kromers' *Waiting for Nothing* in that way. A lot of time is spent drinking, fighting, passing out, sleeping in bushes, and occasionally waking up with no pants. Life is hard on the road.

I'm told that today's crust kids appreciate Chris McCandless more than Kerouac but it often reminded me of *The Road* anyway. It's that escapism, that celebration of travel as pure freedom. I don't know about you, but the M&H freight train comes through my town. I can't help but hear that whistle now. I hear that train a-comin', it's rolling 'round the bend...

НИЩЕТО
МУЗЫКа

НИЩЕТА МУЗЫКа

Anonymous

This zine is a work of art with wild varied formatting and mixed ink printed pages. But without context I was a bit lost. After a bit of scrolling through the Cyrillic alphabet I found that the title translates to "Poverty Music." I reached out to The esteemed Robert Eggplant for guidance and was put in touch with its creator, a *Slingshotter* named Josh. He filled me in a bit more:

"Really the intent was to write a few pieces of personal experiences which were tied to songs or music which were appropriate to the emotions or ideas in the piece. There are actually song lyrics scattered throughout the zine and titles of songs in the contents page... in the zine they are untitled and devoid of music and in this sense out of context which sort of leads me to my intention, which was that hopefully someone reading it comes across one of these lyrical fragments which are in the zine and searches up the song which it actually belongs to and then hears these beautiful songs in their original context. So... sharing some of my favorite songs while not depriving someone of the process of discovering it themselves."

As a professional music fiend, I've identified a few songs already but the joy is in finding them yourself. Life is about the journey, not the destination, as Emerson once wrote. But he also wrote "Music takes us out of the actual and whispers to us dim secrets that startles out wonder as to who we are, and for what, whence, and whereto." No spoilers of course.

INVISIBLE EYE

INVISIBLE EYE #2

$11 - (48 pages)
PO Box 1547
Phoenix, AZ. 85001
fluke.bigcartel.com/product/invisible-eye-2

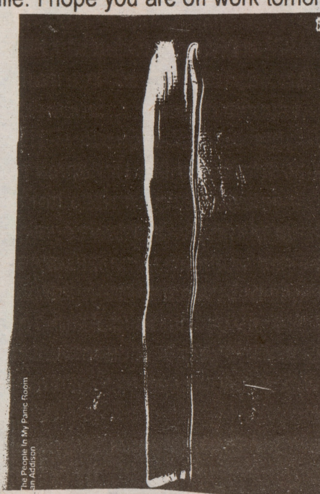
We have all seen old art flyers taped up, glued up and slowly dying in the elements. It's been in the sun, and the rain, it's been torn, and maybe it's already been partially covered by another layer of stickers and flyers. They build up in layers in some places like finger grease on a fretboard.

OK, yes that's a little gross, maybe another metaphor would be better but you get the idea. You only see part of it at one point in time and never see the whole of it, and never, ever do you know the context. Is it a basement show? A scavenger hunt? A neighborhood tag sale? We walk past quickly and never piece together the code.

Let's pause on the word "code' because this is Invisible Eye issue #2. I can tell you I spent hours decoding issue #1 because that's the type of mad midnight typewriting finger pounder that I am at heart. I need to know the bleeding details.

I can testify that issue number two doubles down on the codex. It's twice as much psyched energy and obscurity and expands from basic numeric and alphabetic substitution codes into hardcore geometric codes and symbology. They have cranked the volume dial to 11. But don't let it stop you.

You just need to come prepared. Don't bring a knife to a gun fight. I'm going to recommend good lumbar support, gloves, a mouth guard, a helmet if possible and a TI-81 graphing calculator or better. Don't forget to pack water and snacks, this is going to take a while. I hope you are off work tomorrow.



The People In My Panic Room

24 pages $5.00
PO Box 1547
Phoenix, AZ 85001
fluke.bigcartel.com/product/the-people-in-my-panic-room

This is one of my favorite art zines to ever roll off a Xerox machine. It's the debut zine by Brooklyn-based artist Ian Addison. It's filled with black and white collage works created between March and November of 2022.

Most of the twenty-two original artworks take the form of surreal portraits, with the subject's faces obscured and/or defaced with images and/or text. While some of the works are clearly altered digitally, others have a more analog origin appearing to have been attacked with scissors and blobs of paint

The collages act as an introspective look into the artist's mental health. On the title-page Addison calls it a "monochromatic wonderland." But the images actually remind me of some of the more disturbing paintings of Francis Bacon, namely his 'screaming pope' series from the 1950s

None of the images are pretty, but many of them probably *were* originally and that is probably the point. Addison is trying to tell you about the state of his innermost self — his mental health and its blemishes, scars and the open wounds. So it's a little dark and a little ugly but it's true and the truth is always beautiful somehow. OK, maybe that's not true, but it sounds like it should be.

TAZ
EVEN THE CONCEPT OF COUNTRIES IS TEMPORARY

TAZ

instagram.com/roguexwriters/?hl=en

The subtitle here reads "Even the Concept of Countries is Temporary." But this is no geopolitical diatribe. It's a series of essays, interviews and excerpts approaching Rave culture anthropologically. The assessment is overdue, Disco Biscuits came out over 25 years ago. They've passed the literature-grade acid test and the genre belongs to the ages now, just like the beats, the punks, dadaists, postmodernists, and hungryalists.

Can a rave be a TAZ? The "T" does stand for temporary. TAZ makes these points eloquently, focused on the definition of the temporary autonomous zone (TAZ) as a free construct like a permanent autonomous zone (PAZ) differing only in duration.

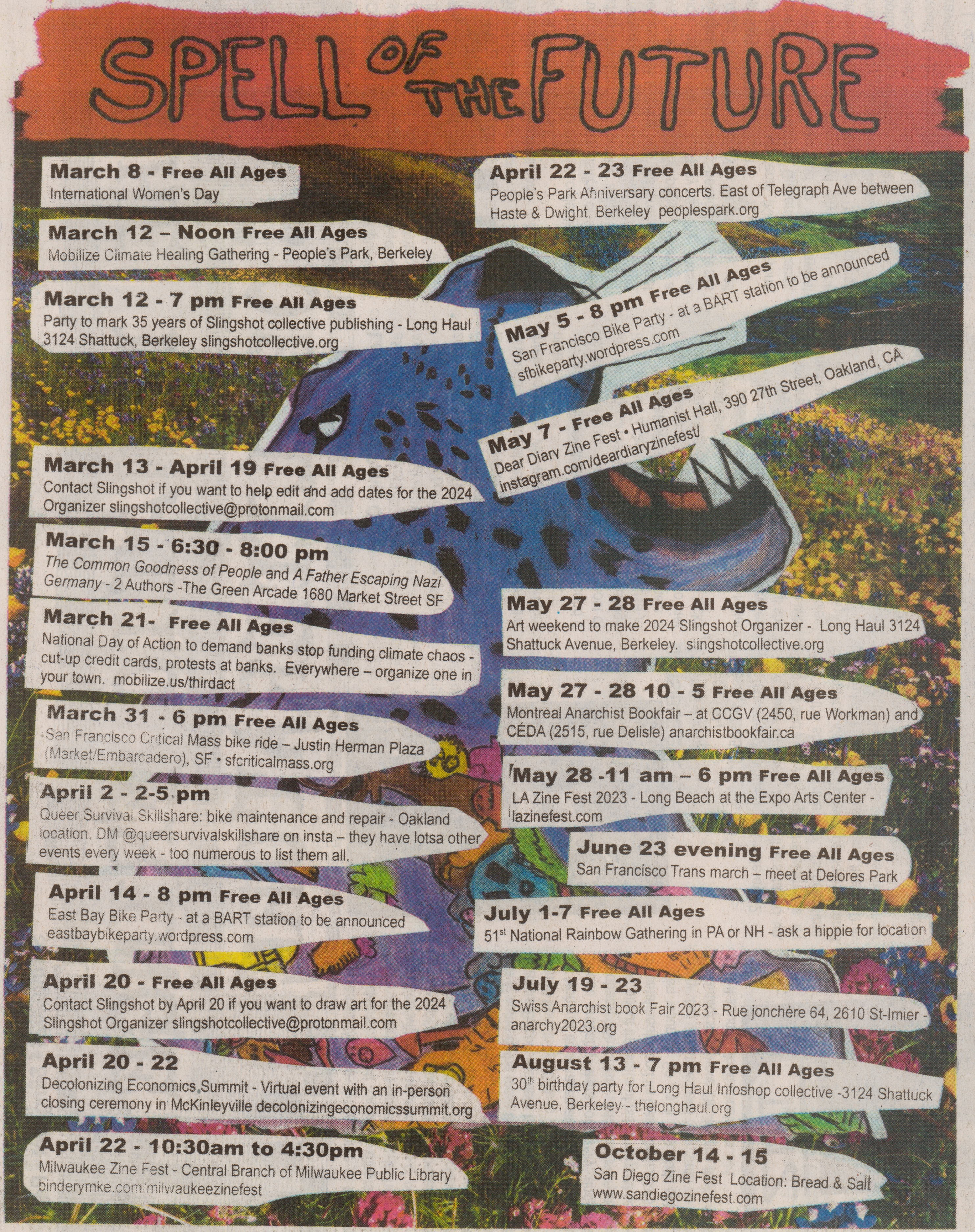
Different articles chronicle the history of Rave movements in different places: Jamaica, Detroit, the UK, mainland Europe, Chicago and how they grew, and mutated to create the modern phenomena. The best material here came in the form of interviews with people who were there. That kind of oral history is too often lost. Here it adds great depth to the story.

Work like this could have strayed into academia but it stayed true to a more traditional zine style. It was for the best keeping the stories accessible and true to the loud, sweaty, drug-addled nature of a real rave. That stylistic decision preserved its authenticity; leaving the stories intact and alive.

It's worth noting that the writers, and even most of the interviewees in this zine are anonymous. But I do recognize the pseudonym moldyroot from the 6-Beet Manifesto published in *Slingshot* last October. That too was an excellent read — highly recommended.

Slingshot free stuff

We'll send you a random assortment of back issues for the cost of postage. Send $4 for 2 lbs. Free if you're an infoshop or library.
slingshotcollective.org



SPELL OF THE FUTURE

March 8 - Free All Ages
International Women's Day

March 12 – Noon Free All Ages
Mobilize Climate Healing Gathering - People's Park, Berkeley

March 12 - 7 pm Free All Ages
Party to mark 35 years of Slingshot collective publishing - Long Haul 3124 Shattuck, Berkeley slingshotcollective.org

March 13 - April 19 Free All Ages
Contact Slingshot if you want to help edit and add dates for the 2024 Organizer slingshotcollective@protonmail.com

March 15 - 6:30 - 8:00 pm
The Common Goodness of People and *A Father Escaping Nazi Germany* - 2 Authors -The Green Arcade 1680 Market Street SF

March 21- Free All Ages
National Day of Action to demand banks stop funding climate chaos - cut-up credit cards, protests at banks. Everywhere – organize one in your town. mobilize.us/thirdact

March 31 - 6 pm Free All Ages
San Francisco Critical Mass bike ride – Justin Herman Plaza (Market/Embarcadero), SF • sfcriticalmass.org

April 2 - 2-5 pm
Queer Survival Skillshare: bike maintenance and repair - Oakland location. DM @queersurvivalskillshare on insta – they have lotsa other events every week - too numerous to list them all.

April 14 - 8 pm Free All Ages
East Bay Bike Party - at a BART station to be announced eastbaybikeparty.wordpress.com

April 20 - Free All Ages
Contact Slingshot by April 20 if you want to draw art for the 2024 Slingshot Organizer slingshotcollective@protonmail.com

April 20 - 22
Decolonizing Economics Summit - Virtual event with an in-person closing ceremony in McKinleyville decolonizingeconomicssummit.org

April 22 - 10:30am to 4:30pm
Milwaukee Zine Fest - Central Branch of Milwaukee Public Library binderymke.com/milwaukeezinefest

April 22 - 23 Free All Ages
People's Park Anniversary concerts. East of Telegraph Ave between Haste & Dwight. Berkeley peoplespark.org

May 5 - 8 pm Free All Ages
San Francisco Bike Party - at a BART station to be announced sfbikeparty.wordpress.com

May 7 - Free All Ages
Dear Diary Zine Fest • Humanist Hall, 390 27th Street, Oakland, CA instagram.com/deardiaryzinefest/

May 27 - 28 Free All Ages
Art weekend to make 2024 Slingshot Organizer - Long Haul 3124 Shattuck Avenue, Berkeley. slingshotcollective.org

May 27 - 28 10 - 5 Free All Ages
Montreal Anarchist Bookfair – at CCGV (2450, rue Workman) and CÉDA (2515, rue Delisle) anarchistbookfair.ca

May 28 -11 am – 6 pm Free All Ages
LA Zine Fest 2023 - Long Beach at the Expo Arts Center - lazinefest.com

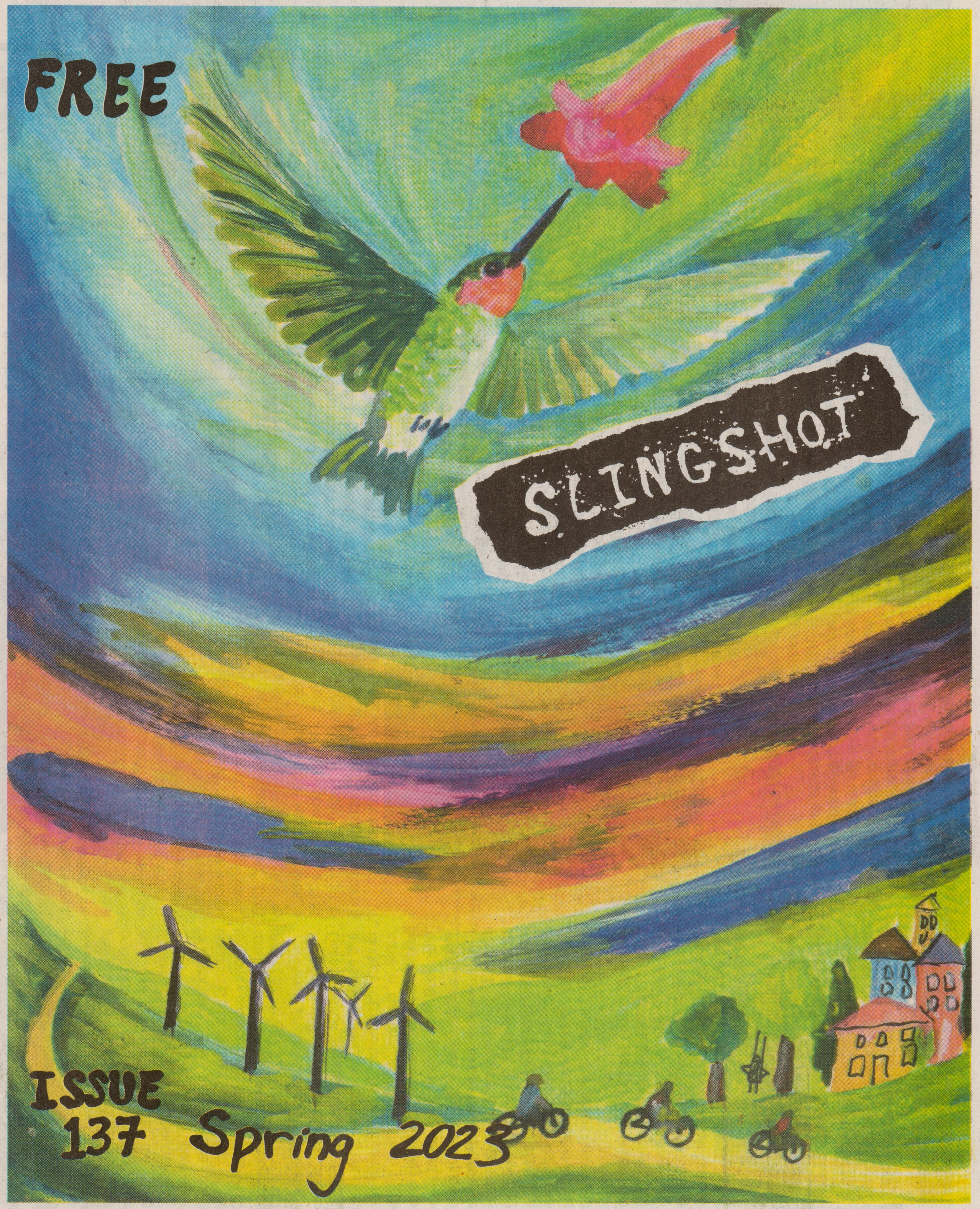
June 23 evening Free All Ages
San Francisco Trans march – meet at Delores Park

July 1-7 Free All Ages
51st National Rainbow Gathering in PA or NH - ask a hippie for location

July 19 - 23
Swiss Anarchist book Fair 2023 - Rue jonchère 64, 2610 St-Imier - anarchy2023.org

August 13 - 7 pm Free All Ages
30th birthday party for Long Haul Infoshop collective -3124 Shattuck Avenue, Berkeley - thelonghaul.org

October 14 - 15
San Diego Zine Fest Location: Bread & Salt www.sandiegozinefest.com



FREE

SLINGSHOT

ISSUE 137 Spring 2023